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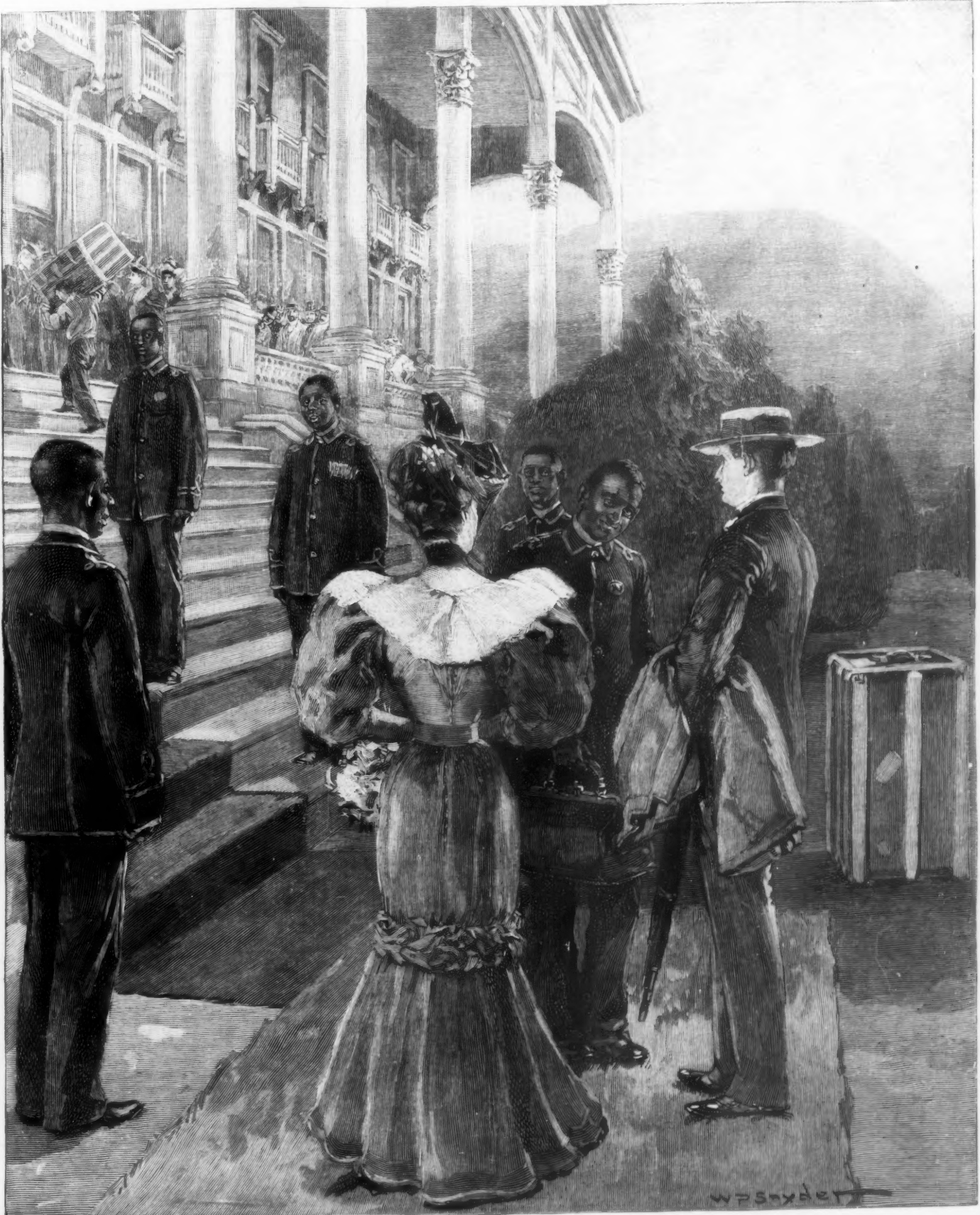
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

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ON THE HONEYMOON—A DARK OUTLOOK.
(Drawn for ONCE A WEEK by W. P. SNYDER.)

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 43rd Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

BISMARCK'S OUTBREAK.

PRINCE BISMARCK is still taking the waters at Kissingen. On Sunday, August 20, seven hundred of his admirers from the Thuringia district, in Central Germany, arrived at Kissingen for the purpose of paying their respects to the aged ex-Chancellor. This party, upon their arrival, were joined by eight hundred of the people visiting Kissingen, and the whole body proceeded to the villa occupied by Prince BISMARCK and presented an address to him. In his reply to this address Prince BISMARCK dwelt strongly upon the subject of German unity. He said:

"Since 1871 we have been comparatively undisturbed by our French neighbors, whom Providence placed where they are for the purpose of keeping us awake. The days have long gone by when France regarded a campaign in Germany as a sort of pleasure excursion. France knows well enough now what we are made of. We must give up carping and cavilling at the present state of things, with the object of making new arrangements. I refer to the semi-official utterances directed toward the attainment of a 'Greater Prussia.' The National Liberals in 1848 had a cut-and-dried plan of this sort. In creating the unity of the Empire I sought to preserve everything that was in any way compatible therewith. The enthusiastic demonstrations I have received in the German States outside of Prussia have proved that my policy was right."

"To those Prussians who are not content, and who wish to put everybody else in their pockets I say: 'You are real particularists. You do not recognize Germany outside of Prussia.' I am sorry to see in the decline of my life the principles of the constitution being undermined by people who are trying to procure the centralization of the imperial power. Do you believe it would be an advantage if the eight princes of Thuringia were replaced by an imperial governor? A German clings to his dynasties, and the dynasties, too, cling to Germany. All accusations against me are pure inventions. If I wished to combat the present Government I would make a tour of Germany and summon popular assemblies everywhere, and thresh out all I had in my heart against the Government. My heart is no murderer's den. I have not learned to lie, even as a diplomat."

"The people now begin to see what I meant three years ago when I said here that the constitution ought to be the first object of care. I observe that the post of Imperial Chancellor has been separated from the Presidency of the Prussian Council of Ministers. I also observe that at the recent conference of the Finance Ministers of the several States at Frankfurt the president's chair was occupied by the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, who is a subordinate bureaucrat. This is unconstitutional. The Emperor and the Chancellor are only the executive organs of the Bundesrath and Reichstag. Neither of them has a right to attempt more than to publish the laws enacted by those bodies. The Chancellor ought to have influence in the Bundesrath only by means of Prussian votes. If apart therefrom he takes the lead, and his secretaries are placed over the Ministers of the Federal States, a breach of the constitution results which must be opposed. It cost hard work and blood and lives enough. It makes me anxious to see it modified with. Everybody must do what he can to direct our policy into the right path. All the Diets ought to be more active in this respect. The national cause ought to be the first item of every Federal Legislature."

Prince BISMARCK closed his address by declaring that he had spoken out of the fullness of his heart. He had, he said, no connection with any newspaper. He paid his debts in the same coin as that in which he was paid.

The London Times published a dispatch from Berlin, August 23, severely commenting upon what it terms Prince BISMARCK's scarcely veiled attempt, in addressing his visitors at Kissingen, to excite the individual Diets against the new regime. The correspondent declares that the Prince's statements were misleading, and rebuts the charge of unconstitutionality. He recalls the fact that it was Prince BISMARCK himself who separated the offices of Chancellor and President of the Prussian Council of Ministers. The correspondent attributes the Prince's outburst at Kissingen to jealousy.

BANKS and mills are resuming, here and there. The scare must be thinning.

TIMELY AND PRACTICABLE.

THE editors of the newspapers of the country mold and direct public opinion. Whatever views they may advocate in the editorial columns command attention and often influence legislation. The great need of prompt action being taken to prevent industrial and social calamity moves me to submit to your consideration some suggestions from a manufacturing and commercial standpoint.

The present business depression has closed many industrial establishments, has caused hundreds to be run on reduced time, while others are being operated without profit in order that employees may be given work; as a consequence a large number of men, many of whom have families dependent upon them, have been thrown out of employment. This is a subject of grave concern to all the people of this country.

To alleviate the present distress and to provide against worthy workmen and their families becoming objects of charity, I suggest that the State Legislatures and city and town authorities take immediate steps to furnish employment in the construction of public works, and in no way can this labor be more wisely employed than in the betterment of the highways.

To illustrate the value of the work that might be done: It is stated in the report of the Massachusetts Highway Commission that the loss from bad roads in the State amounts to between five and ten million dollars per annum—probably a larger sum than would be needed to put the roads in good condition. It has been estimated that Illinois loses one hundred million dollars per year from bad roads.

States, cities and towns can borrow the money needed, and the labor and materials can be obtained cheaper at present than in times of prosperity. Philanthropy, economy and wise statesmanship dictate that the idle should be given employment, as that employment means a direct gain to the entire community, and will promote health, happiness and prosperity, and prevent poverty, degradation and crime.

During the present session of Congress, as soon as the silver question is settled, why should not a bill be passed making liberal appropriation for the irrigation of arid lands, thus giving employment to the miners of Colorado, Montana and other Western States, and opening up vast tracks for agricultural purposes. This would add greatly to the value of public lands, and would ultimately prove to be a profitable investment to the Government.

The amount of gold might be largely increased if Congress were to pass a bill making appropriation for the construction of suitable barriers in the districts where hydraulic mining is prohibited by law because of the damage done to rivers and farm lands by the debris. These internal improvements could be made on the same principle that harbors and rivers are improved. It is estimated that there is sufficient gold in districts in California, that might be obtained by hydraulic mining processes, to pay off the sum of the national debt several times over.

Congress should feel the solemn responsibility that now rests upon it and should bear in mind that its present duty lies in alleviating the evils of the business depression and promoting the welfare of the laboring classes. A great industrial and social emergency has arisen within the past few months, and the peace and prosperity of the country is threatened. Wise legislation can avert the pending disasters. Public works might now be undertaken which would be of incalculable advantage as a means of providing immediate relief and securing great future benefit.

Very truly yours, ALBERT A. POPE.

THE CONTROL OF A LETTER.

A GIRL named Nellie Horton, living in San Jose, wrote a letter to her lover, Charles R. Hagan, in Oakland, early in July. It was addressed to him at his mother's house, where he was staying. She stamped it for a special delivery, and wrote on the envelope: "Do not deliver to any one except the person addressed, and him in person." This struck the postmaster at Oakland; so old, but in obedience to it he made repeated efforts to deliver it to the young man personally, refusing to surrender it even into the hands of a member of his family. Failing in every attempt, he followed the further instructions given him and returned it to San Jose. The girl afterward met Hagan in San Francisco and shot him. She claimed that she fired in self-defense. The relatives of Hagan contended that the letter contained threats to kill and tried to get possession of it. A legal struggle ensued, and the Post-Office Department at Washington was appealed to.

At first glance the authorities thought that the postmaster at Oakland had done wrong in paying any attention to the special directions on the letter. This would have been the case under the practice which has long prevailed, requiring the postmaster to make an effort to deliver a letter to the addressee, and, failing in that, to deliver it to the addressee's representatives, members of his family or other persons who might reasonably be considered authorized to receive his mail. When the latest regulations came to be looked up, however, it was found that this rule had been changed; that the author of a letter had entire control of it until delivered, and that he or she might order its delivery to one person alone, or otherwise, at will.

This is in analogy to the rule which directs the return of a letter to the sender if a request to that effect be placed

on the envelope. Instructions were therefore sent to the postmaster at San Jose to deliver the letter back to Nellie Horton, or her authorized representatives, and the world will never know the secrets hidden under its seal. If it contains the incriminating evidence which Hagan's friends believe it does, the prosecution will have to get along without it, and the important link showing "malice prepense" will be dropped out of the chain, for there is said to be no other proof in existence.

WORLD'S FAIR PRIZE WINNERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE public of New York who are unable to attend the World's Fair in Chicago are to be given an opportunity to see the best exhibits, those which have taken the prizes, through the efforts of the Manhattan Industrial Exhibition Company, who propose to hold an exhibition in the Grand Central Palace, in January next.

The object of this exposition is to reproduce, as far as practicable, the prominent and most attractive exhibits at the World's Fair. The Grand Central Palace, with its four hundred thousand square feet of floor space, has been secured for the purpose. Here an opportunity is offered those firms in New York, who for one reason or another did not participate in the World's Fair, to make an exhibit and display their goods, to perhaps as great, if not greater, advantage than at Chicago.

As a strong effort is being made to interest the principal exhibitors at the World's Fair in the undertaking, it is to be hoped that our merchants will be alive to the possibilities of the situation, and will not let others crowd them out on their own stamping-ground.

It is proposed to fix the price of admission at the popular figure of twenty-five cents, which alone ought to be sufficient inducement to attract many thousands of people. Further information in regard to the exposition can be obtained by addressing the office, 122 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

CONGRESS must not take one step in the dark. We must always know where we are at.

THE result of the extra session of Congress is not yet in sight, and yet business is improving.

THE New York World is showing up the Elmira Reformatory as a very unpleasant place to reside in.

CHOLERA has broken out in Brazil, and rigid quarantine has been established at our South Atlantic and Gulf ports.

CONFRONTED by anarchistic howling and riotous strikers Superintendent Byrnes's men have a chance to show what they can do.

HOW do we know the Sherman Law has done all this mischief? Or any part of it? Simply because investors say they are afraid. Is that conclusive?

THE Manhattan Elevated Railway Company will not risk money these hard times in an extension of their lines on Manhattan Island. It has lost too much water recently in Wall Street, and business is dull. These are two straight facts, mark you.

A FIRE raged in South Chicago on the night of August 24 for more than six hours. About two hundred and fifty workmen's houses, mostly frame structures, were destroyed and upward of seven thousand poor people are made houseless. The wind blew a gale and the firemen could do nothing. The flames burned literally until the edge of the lake was reached. The loss is estimated at more than one million dollars.

BARON SAURINA, the first German Ambassador to the United States, arrived at New York August 23. He was met at the dock by Baron Kettler, who has been in charge of the German Embassy in Washington in the absence of the imperial representative. Through Baron Kettler, the new Ambassador said that from the moment he entered the bay of New York he was struck with the business-like aspect of everything. He is proud at being the first Ambassador to a country so prosperous and magnificent.

THE storm that swept the Atlantic coast from Delaware Bay to Massachusetts on the night of Wednesday, August 23, was the most furious and destructive that has visited that section in many years. The ocean tug Panther lost all but three out of twenty on board, off Southampton, Long Island. The schooner Mary F. Kelly was wrecked on the Asbury Park beach and four seamen were drowned. The fishing smack Mary and Lizzie foundered, and lost all but one of her crew of seven. Many yachts were wrecked and numerous fishing craft are missing.

TROUBLE has broken out between the 'longshoremen' of the Metropolitan District and the Italians who have taken their places. At Newark, August 22, Italians were called upon to help on an Italian cargo, but refused to work unless the American 'longshoremen' were discharged. As the labels on the packages were printed in their language, the Italians felt that their demand would be complied with; but the contractor refused. Immediately following this incident, the New York 'longshoremen' on strike near Peck Slip, who had been peaceful until then, began their attacks on the Italians. The New York police will have all they can do to prevent bloodshed.

THE opposition and hostility in certain quarters toward the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company of New York have culminated at last in a letter given out from the Mayor's office questioning the right of the Manhattan to occupy New York streets. The writer of the letter is not known, but he has evidently given the case considerable study. He maintains that the Manhattan Company has not been duly incorporated under the Rapid Transit Act of 1873. The recent refusal of the company to take the extension franchises from the city on any terms has aroused considerable indignation in the public mind, and some very plain and threatening criticisms in the press. It may be the Manhattan's turn to step lively this time.



A PRIVATE letter from London brings the information that Mr. Herbert Spencer is contemplating a visit to America and the World's Fair in the fall. Last winter Mr. Spencer was very ill, and his life was despaired of; but by good nursing he recovered, and this summer he is as well as ever and eager to take part in the affairs of men.

Herbert Spencer is one of the most genial of men. The grand old English philosopher prides himself upon the fact that he has only been interviewed twice. Once, when visiting in America, he was caught unawares in Boston.

"It was easier," he explained to me, "to talk to the reporter than it was to explain to him why I did not care to be interviewed."

The second interview with Mr. Spencer was held in London. I had sent a note to him saying I was in England for the purpose of interviewing some of the famous men of the day, and would esteem it a great favor if he would see me. My English friends told me he would not answer my letter, much less see me. So, to my great surprise, I received a cordial note in Mr. Spencer's own handwriting, asking me to meet him the next afternoon at the Athenæum Club. It so happened that I had an appointment with another famous Englishman at the very hour Mr. Spencer named, and I wrote to him, explaining, and giving to my stenographer a series of questions that I asked him to propound. To this Mr. Spencer acceded most cordially. He answered every question. My stenographer read to me his replies before I went to bed that evening. I instructed him to send a typewritten copy of the interview to Mr. Spencer the next morning, so that he might make any corrections he desired before the article should be printed. A copy of the interview was mailed to the Athenæum Club, and somehow miscarried. I knew nothing of this until two days later, when Mr. Spencer wrote to me saying he had not received the copy of the interview, and requesting me not to print anything until he had seen it. I made an effort to trace the letter, and found it had been lost in the post-office maelstrom of London. Two more days of vexatious delay passed, in which Mr. Spencer became exceedingly irritable and anxious for fear the interview should find its way into the columns of some London daily.

I did my best to smooth his ruffled temper, but the loss of the interview must have haunted him, for I received each day two or three letters or telegrams from him making inquiries, and it was only after using all my powers of persuasion that I prevailed upon him to submit to another interview. He named three o'clock on the following day as the hour for the interview and the Athenæum Club as the place.

"And be sure," he said, "to have a competent stenographer with you, so that I shall not be annoyed again."

Promptly at three o'clock I appeared at the Athenæum Club with a stenographer. Mr. Spencer was playing pool in the billiard-room, but he greeted me cordially.

"Come upstairs," he said, "where we can be alone," and I followed him up to a corner in the hallway where a lounge had been placed. He seated himself and the stenographer took his place on the right, while I contentedly sat on the left. In all my newspaper experience I never met a man who seemed to be so helpless in the hands of an interviewer. Mr. Spencer was nervous. He was shaking like an aspen. I almost felt sorry for him. He looked appealingly, first at the stenographer and then at myself.

Somehow the impression had gotten into my mind that the distinguished author was of a stern, forbidding aspect. Quite the reverse is true. He is a picture of an Englishman in the full vigor of well-developed middle age. He stands five feet nine in height. He wore gray trousers, a long black frock coat, whiskers that encircled his neck, varnished boots and cream-colored over-gaiters. Around his neck was an old-fashioned stand-up collar and a black tie. His silk hat was not of the latest pattern, and his gloves and umbrella showed signs of wear. But it is not his clothing that attracts. It is his face. His eyes are gray and soft, his mouth is firm, his cheeks are as pinky-white as the cheeks of a young child; he is a man who would command attention anywhere. Intellectuality is stamped all over him.

"Go on," he said, nervously, looking first to the right and then to the left, as if expecting a cannon-ball from either side. "What is your first question?"

"Well, Mr. Spencer, is the world getting better or worse?"

He looked relieved as he answered: "There is every evidence that the world is making progress. We are better off to-day than we were fifty years ago, and the world will be better off fifty years hence than it is to-day; but not all is smooth sailing. There has been a clear reaction against individual liberty, I think. We are certainly tending toward state socialism, and after state socialism will come military despotism. The state is absorbing the individual powers of man. It is intermeddling in all manner of ways in what should be private enterprise. Gradually the state will usurp those functions of private enterprise to such an extent that the people will one day awake to it and make an effective resistance; but I do not pretend to set a date for the revolution or to anticipate its horrors."

"What great reform are we most in need of?"

Mr. Spencer replied very quickly: "We need to insist, everywhere and always, that each person shall take the

consequences of his or her own nature, and shall have without deduction all the benefits of his or her own nature and actions, and shall take all the evils of his or her own nature and actions, and shall neither saddle these evils on other people or be defrauded by other people of the benefits."

"Is it not possible that the centralization of money, particularly in America, is going to have some evil effects?"

"I think likely; I do not know much of your system, but the possibility of centralization is apparent. If things are insisted upon all around, that all transactions shall be absolutely conscientious, and there were no unscrupulous trespassing upon the claims of others, centralization could not take place. It is really a prejudice of some law in the abstract form, that all men should not have the benefit of their own nature, and shall not be defrauded by the state, or by any other persons now defrauded by the state. If it is—that mischief is resulting from the enormous centralization of wealth—it is due to that principle."

"But the rich are getting richer, and the poor poorer."

"Yes; this is due to a disregard of the fundamental principle, and it is seen in America's admiration for 'smart men.' A 'smart man' is, by every conception of him, one who does not regard conscientiously the claims of others, who endeavors to obtain from them some of the legitimate results of their activities, which should remain with them, and which in an indirect way he filches from them. In fact, a society in which there was a complete recognition, and enforcement of the principles specified above, there would be no place for 'smart men.'"

By this time Mr. Spencer had settled back comfortably. He was not at all upset. On the contrary, he seemed to take pleasure in answering my questions, and he covered the entire field of political and educational thought in a straightforward way.

Briefly he expressed the opinion that we were on the eve of a French revolution. Then reconsidering this sensational statement, he eliminated it entirely.

"Just leave that out, you know," he said; "for, while I believe it, it will cause a great deal of needless worry."

He spoke of American citizens who imagine that they enjoy the advantages of liberty, in fact have the form of self-sovereignty, but not in reality.

"The ballot is an evidence of liberty, but as it is handled in America it leads, and has led, to the vesting of authority in bodies of men in your political societies and your bosses."

Mr. Spencer shook his head doubtfully as he spoke, and it is clearly evident that he has no use for American machine methods. He did not think the American public could escape the consequences of the general revolutionary struggle.

"The people in America have not any true appreciation of liberty," he said. "They think they have, but they do not understand it. All this is not pleasant to think of, and perhaps may not be seen in my time, but the tendency is plainly marked, and it requires no prophetic vision to foresee the inevitable result."

Mr. Spencer arose feeling quite at home with himself, and walked up and down before me with his hands in his trousers pockets. He talked of his own works, and was particularly pleased that his books had met with success in America.

"It has rarely fallen to an author," he said, "to meet such appreciation of his work during his lifetime as I have. American readers of my books are not as numerous as English readers, but, nevertheless, my writings were recognized rather earlier in America than they were in England."

Mr. Spencer does not believe that the poor people are educated in matters that concern society nearly so much as they are in the less important matters of grammar, history, geography, etc.

"This is due to a variety of causes," he said. "So many causes, indeed, that I dare not try to mention them. For example, the Church insists upon all forms expressive of religious subordination, and disregards the essential principles which the creed enunciates, and at the same time they are having weeks of prayer, reading Bibles before breakfast they are countenancing and participating in filibustering expeditions all over the world and appropriating the lands of other people. They are disregarding the essential principles of their religion while they profess anxiety to propagate them."

"Do you think that Christianity is going to Christianize the world?"

"Not Christianize the world," he said, "but the influence of civilization is making men and women better all the time. After all, teaching does little. The discipline of life does everything. There is nothing to do but to insist upon carrying on life in a thoroughly honest, conscientious way and reprobating everything that does not conform to a high standard of conduct."

"You have many rich men in America and they accumulate a great deal of money, yet they do not succeed, for the community frowns on their conduct. That reprobation is good, and high moral influence is that which is most needed by you; but that is not a thing which could be preached by any party preachers or authors or teachers. Nobody can do that so long as you are in quest of the material requirements, and so long as you have the American continent to subdue and people. In a society like yours ambition inevitably takes the direction of acquiring wealth, and the struggle for this brings attendant evils. I do not suppose you will change much in your inevitable standness."

American literature was then touched upon lightly.

"I have read so little of the works of your splendid authors that I am ashamed to display my ignorance. I believe in America and its people. It has a grand future, but I am afraid there will come a great deal of tribulation before that future is realized."

Mr. Spencer touched upon the woman question, which is as prominent in England as in America.

"All the careers of life should be left open to women to succeed as they may, but I do not agree to giving them political power," he said, very positively.

"But are they not underpaid?"

"Well, the payment must be proportioned to the work they do. It will adjust itself to the goodness of the production. That cannot be prevented."

Thus we talked for a couple of hours. It was nearing dinner-time. The Athenæum Club was crowded with members. I noticed with pleasure that all the newcomers saluted Mr. Spencer with great respect, and he seemed anxious for his freedom from me.

As I was leaving, he again asked me to express his thanks to the American people for patronizing his works so liberally, and he was soon the center of a group of interested admirers.

Of Mr. Spencer's daily life, even the English public knows little. He lives in a fine house near Regent's Park, and daily makes the journey to his club or to his publishers, although he is threescore years of age. He is a man of wonderful vitality. He is happy in the companionship of a few old friends and in his books. He is now, as he has ever been, a great reader. He travels all over Great Britain and the Continent in a leisurely way. His voice is always lifted up in behalf of all good movements in England. In addition to his books, he now and then writes a stirring article for the English daily newspapers. He does not dine away from home as often as he did ten years ago, and he is seldom seen at great banquets. Nevertheless, life is very pleasant to him. He is still on the sunny side of the road. He has been honored in his lifetime by his own people and the peoples of other nations. All his works have been extensively translated into French, many into German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Greek, Japanese, and some in Chinese. Offers of academic honors have come to him, but have all been declined. The foremost of English philosophers cares nothing for the baubles of this earth. His works are his own monument. He is sitting calmly in contentment, waiting for the twilight, watching the struggles of others, who must soon take up the task, when his life's labors shall cease.

FOSTER COATES.

A DUKE AGAIN.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, has succeeded to the ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. It is rumored that he may abdicate in favor of his son, Prince Alfred. The late ruler, Duke August Ernst Carl Johann Leopold Alexander Edward, who reigned as Ernst II., was the son of Duke Ernst I. of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and of his first wife, Princess Louise of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, and was born on June 21, 1818, and succeeded his father on January 29, 1844. He married Princess Alexandrina, daughter of the late Grand Duke Leopold of Baden, in 1842. Duke Ernst was the elder brother of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, and it is because he died childless that the duchy now falls to the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, and Duke Ernst's nephew. Duke Ernst's name was put forward in 1863 as a candidate for the vacant crown of Greece, but for State reasons he declined it. He was one of the first of the minor German rulers to labor for the unification of the German Empire, and was the first of them to congratulate the Emperor William I. when he was invested with that title. He was, like others of his family, an accomplished amateur musician, and composed several operas, which have had some success in Germany. He leaves a large fortune.

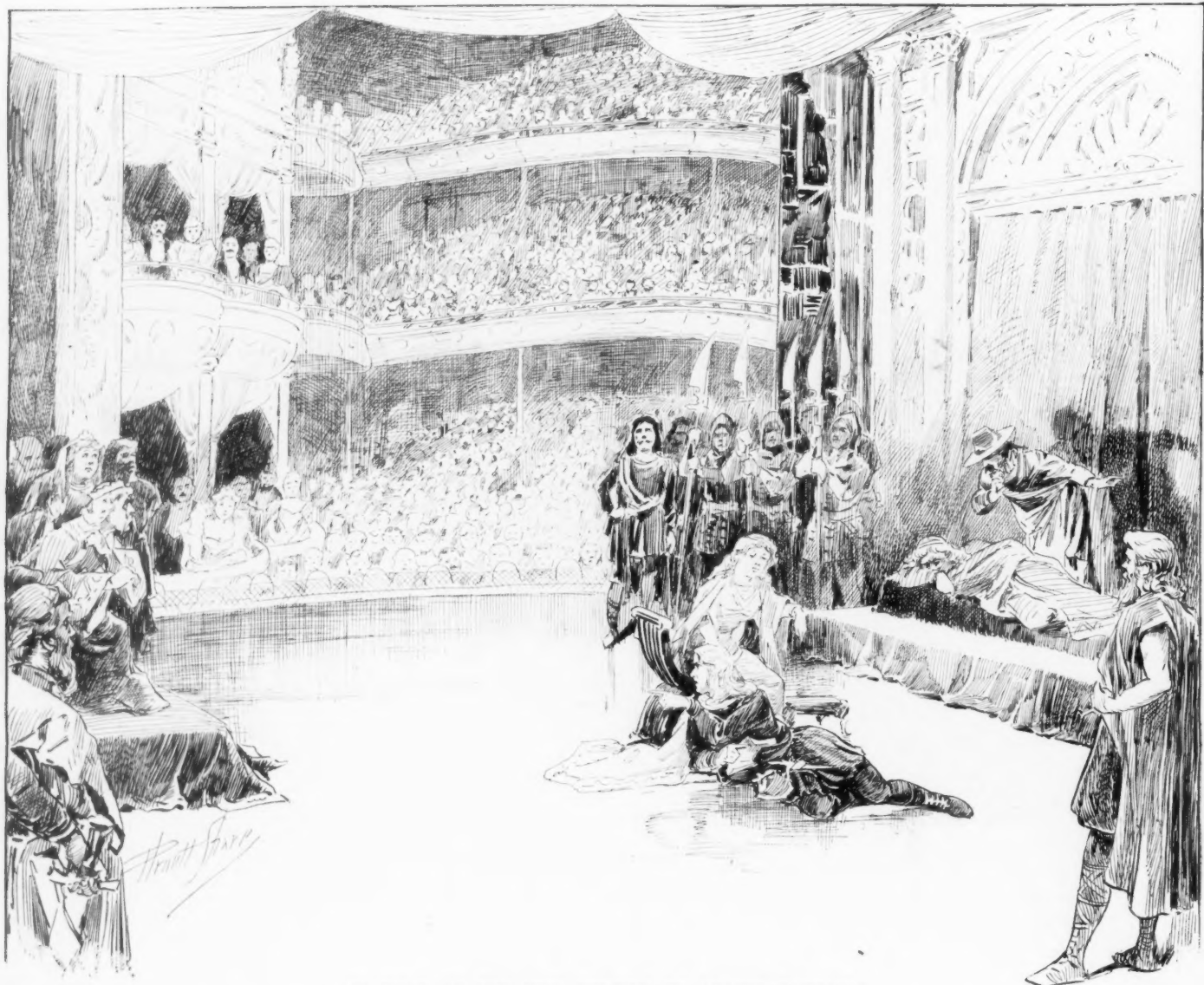
Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, was born August 6, 1844. He was educated by private tutors, and entered the English Navy in 1858 as a cadet, and at once began active sea service. His advancement was as rapid as is usually the case with royal personages in the service of their country; in 1867 he was appointed to command the frigate *Galatea*, and in 1882 was promoted to the rank of vice admiral, and subsequently to that of admiral of the fleet. He was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent and Earl of Ulster in 1866. In 1874 the Duke married the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Czar Alexander II. of Russia, and sister of the present Czar. They have had five children; the second daughter was married a short time ago to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. The Duke of Edinburgh shares the musical predilections of his family, and has some repute as an amateur violinist.

"LIKE LUCIFER."

MISS DU TERTRE'S novel, entitled "Like Lucifer," will go out to our readers with our next number. We made some reference to this clever work of Miss Du Tertre last week, but it calls for another preliminary notice in order that our readers may know that "Like Lucifer" is a charming tale of English life, founded on a suppressed will and the usual love romance, without which the best story would seem tame and insipid, now-a-days. We can heartily recommend this last novel to our readers.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S cutter, the *Valkyrie*, the challenger for the America's cup, sailed from Southampton for the United States August 23. The *Valkyrie's* anchor was hove short at about 5:30 A.M., and a few minutes later it broke ground. At exactly 5:45 o'clock the vessel's cruising sails bellied out to the wind and her transatlantic voyage began. Captain Cranfield is in command, and Captain Harvey of Wivenhoe, Essex, is the navigating officer. The yacht has a crew of twenty-four men. T. W. Ratsey of Ratsey & Laphorne, sailmakers of Cowes, will come to New York by steamer. He will sail on the *Valkyrie* during her races to assist in case of an accident.

The affairs of John Cudaby, who figured so prominently in the recent lard corner, are in a fair way for adjustment. John Cudaby's three brothers—Mike, Edward and Patrick—have put their shoulders to the wheel and propose to extricate from the mire their less fortunate brother.



ACT FIRST OF THE NEW VERSION OF "DAVID GARRICK."

If Mr. Lawrence Hanley has not made a hit at the Star Theater in Miss Marsden's version of "David Garrick," he has certainly given the public a great novelty in the opening scene, which represents the infatuated girl-lover of the actor in a box watching the performance of "Hamlet." The above illustration is a faithful representation of the scene in question. The new version of the old comedy went off smoothly enough, though the cast was quite feeble. Mr. Hanley himself improved the good impression formerly made by him when a member of Booth's and Barrett's companies.

THE SEAL OF PEACE





A GAME OF TENNIS—THIRTY-LOVE, OR WHAT?

(DRAWN BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.)

While the stirring game with ball, racket and net is in the full flood of its popularity, the above picture reproducing an actual scene on one of the beautiful lawns on the outskirts of New York will be of interest everywhere.



BY JOHNSON BURT.

YOUNG Prodley had come to New York from the country for the double purpose of learning some business better than farming, and learning, also, more about human nature than was possible with his home supply of specimens. He had got far enough along in business to live at a boarding-house where the food and lodging were not bad, and where there were at least twenty people quite unlike any whom he had ever met in the vicinity of his rural home. He studied these men and women with the industry and curiosity of the person who has not seen many different types of human nature, and he spent all his leisure hours in wondering about them, and trying to discover, from their looks and conversation, what might be their professions and businesses, and some of his guesses proved successful, which pleased him mightily, for his father had often told him that a good judge of human nature could generally be depended upon to make his way in the world.

One day, however, there appeared at the house a couple of new boarders, who before the week ended had reduced Prodley to despair. They were husband and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Closmere—but nothing in the face of either gave the young student of human nature the slightest clue with which to begin work. In the dining-room they had a little table to themselves, so Prodley could not overhear any of their conversation, and at evening they did not mingle with the other guests in the parlor. Their room joined Prodley's own, but there were two doors between, so he could not have heard anything by listening at the keyhole, had he been that kind of youth, which he wasn't.

As Prodley continued his study of the couple, he informed himself that they did not appear specially happy with each other. This seemed too bad, for Mrs. Closmere, although very quiet of manner, was more than usually pretty, and seemed to be young and healthy enough to be entitled to abundant animal spirits. As to her husband, Prodley declared him much the most stunning specimen of humanity he had ever encountered. He had a rich olive complexion and large lustrous eyes, and a mass of jet-black hair which was always arranged effectively, as if its owner kept a private barber in his apartments; as for his mustache, Prodley would willingly have signed away several years of his life for one like it. Mr. Closmere was always well dressed, too; his clothes seemed new, and their fit was perfect. The two or three young women who lived at the boarding-house, as well as some of the older ones, could scarcely conceal their admiration for the magnificent creature, so why should not his own wife be simply ecstatic in the possession of so much manly beauty? Because people never rightly value what is already their own, reasoned Prodley, while he wished he could know Mrs. Closmere well enough to offer her this sage conclusion for her personal use and benefit. Mrs. Closmere did not look like a woman whose nature was naturally discontented; Prodley had been studying special signs of physiognomy from a book he had seen in a shop window, and according to these Mrs. Closmere should have been a happy and vivacious woman. Could the book be wrong?

But Prodley was more practical than romantic, so he slowly lost interest in Mrs. Closmere, while he wondered what the business of the pretty woman's husband could be. It could not be anything very exacting, for the dozen or more boarders who chatted and gossiped nightly in the parlor came to know, from those who remained all day in the house, that Closmere spent much of his time at home, and when he went out, after a late breakfast, he was sure to return by the middle of the afternoon. From his hours it would seem that he was in a bank, some of the city bank hours being from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.; still, it was Prodley's idea that if he himself were in a bank and had a pretty wife and fine clothes, he would live in a finer home than Mrs. de Smyther's boarding-house. A suspicion that Closmere was a gentleman gambler was rejected soon after it offered itself, for Prodley had been assured that gamblers could not keep away from the fatal table while they had a cent in their pockets, and that even when "cleaned out" they would linger to observe the fortunes of other men. It was true that Closmere went out every night and did not return until late; but he was always accompanied by his wife, and one of the chambermaids had told one of the oldest boarders—who at once repeated it to all her acquaintances—that she believed "them Closmeres is just theater-mad, 'cause there's programmes an' scraps of tickets on their floor 'most ev'ry mornin'."

Then Prodley, who had been brought up to regard the theater as one of the gateways of Hades, concluded that the couple were seemingly listless and unhappy because they were getting from the stage some false views of life. This theory took such strong hold of him that he stopped on his way downtown at a tract repository and purchased a copy of each of the institution's attacks upon the stage, all of which he mailed to Mrs. Closmere, hoping the lady would get them while her husband was out, and read them, perhaps, to her eternal benefit and the reformation of her husband. Next morning the boarder who had the confidence of the chambermaid learned that the domestic had been presented by Mrs. Closmere with a lot of tracts and the suggestion that they were of just the size for hair-papers.

But that had nothing to do with Closmere's business—his means of support. In the town near which Prodley had been brought up it was the custom to estimate every stranger who showed his face, and discover his business by studying his ways. If the signs were indistinct or lack-

ing entirely the supposition was—and frequently it was right—that the fellow was a thief or a disseminator of counterfeit money, or in some way lived by his wits rather than honest industry. Prodley had seldom failed to find out what men were; he was not going to let himself fail now, merely because he was in a greater town and had stumbled upon an unusual specimen. He was so thoroughly on his mettle that he was not above scrutinizing the letters which every morning were thrown on the hall mantel in the boarding-house when the postman came—perhaps some of the business cards on the outsides of envelopes would show with what class of men Closmere was most in correspondence. To his great disgust, though, no letters came for the Closmeres.

The tantalizing couple had come to the De Smyther boarding-house late in April, and all efforts that were made to find out something about them had been successfully eluded up to early June. Mrs. de Smyther began to clean house, or do what passes in boarding-houses for the annual spring cleaning—she took down such stoves as were in the boarders' chambers. One of these, which had been in the Closmeres' room, reached the chimney by a pipe which passed through the double partition and also through the apartment occupied by Prodley. The change was made one Saturday morning, and within an hour or two Prodley arrived to get into his Sunday clothes and make the most of the summer half-holiday. No sooner did he enter his room than he heard voices through the stovepipe hole, and the first word he distinguished was a very rude one, in a voice that beyond doubt was Closmere's.

"He swears at her—the brute—does he?" murmured Prodley to himself. "No wonder, then, that she doesn't look happy. I'd give a dollar if I was a relation of hers, so I would have the right to punch—" Curiosity brought the remark to a sudden close, for the voice was heard again, saying:

"Now cry! Of course! Just like a woman—and a fool! After cooling my heels in the offices of those infernal agents for more than a month, I've at last got you an engagement at twenty dollars a week more than you ever had before, and all I get for my devotion to your interests is a flood of tears! Bah! It's no wonder that women never get along in business when they manage themselves; they're too confounded fussy."

"I know you've had a long siege of it, Tom," replied the woman, with tears in her voice; "Heaven knows I never shall forget what it is to sit in the office of a theatrical manager and be stared at and glared at as if I were an animal for sale, instead of a respectable actress in search of an engagement. But I have dared to believe that you cared for me too much to put me into the 'Hot Breeze' company, the vulgarst, horriest lot of people that ever appear on the stage of a half-way decent theater. And the leading part—you ought to know me well enough to understand that every line I have to speak will stick in my throat, it's so coarse."

"There're no lines that any girl's got anywhere that take the house like Caramel's, in the 'Hot Breeze'; there're fifty women fighting for the part, yet you—" "Tom," interrupted the woman, "do think how I'll have to dress—or not dress—in one of the acts."

"Just what I did think of," said Closmere, with a self-satisfied chuckle, "and that's what I got the engagement on. The moment I reminded old Reubens of your figure I saw the bargain was as good as made. He said he remembered it, and the agent chipped in and said that no woman who came to the office could equal you for shape."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Mrs. Closmere. "To think of being talked of in that way—and by such a couple of brutes!"

"Great Scott, woman!" expostulated the husband, in aggrieved tones, "how do you expect to be talked about in the profession? Isn't an actress's looks part of her stock in trade? Is there any place on the stage for homely females? Those two fellows didn't mean anything out of the way, but business is business. Holy smoke! It's plain enough to see why you never got more than fifteen or twenty dollars a week until I married you—you were too everlastingly finical."

"I shall be stared at by just the kind of people I loathe," moaned the woman. "Coarse men will persist in writing rude notes to me."

"Well, what of it? You won't see them—I'll take care of the notes, so none of them shall trouble you—trust me for that. Men'll do something else, too; they'll send you presents—diamond rings, and perhaps a bracelet or necklace."

"Do you think I would wear them? Oh, Tom!"

"You needn't; I'll put them where they'll do the most good; they're just the things the best pawnbrokers like to see a fellow bring in. You do the part justice, and your presents ought to bring enough to give us a swell pair of horses and a carriage for next summer."

There was no more talk for two or three minutes, but Prodley heard the woman crying softly; then he heard Closmere pacing the floor heavily, and saying:

"I do believe you're selfish enough to think only of yourself. Last season you got only thirty-five a week; we had to stop at second-class hotels, I had to smoke a pipe instead of cigars, and I never tasted champagne except when I won it on a bet—I had to take good care to bet only on a sure thing, too. We saved only enough to board us through the summer, thanks to your high-flown notion that out of the season you wouldn't board where there were other professionals. You know that for two years I've been dying to have a yacht—even a small one. Well, on the strength of this engagement I can get one at once, by putting up very little cash, and I can have a good time afloat, instead of staying cooped up in the hot city all summer. It isn't my fault that you can't stand salt water and go with me, but I can get fellows to put up the expense of running the trip, so long as I supply the boat. Why, woman, I even secured you half pay during rehearsals, and they're going to rehearse here in New

York a full month, while other women will be idle, or getting nothing for their work."

"And you're to be off cruising while I'm rehearsing?" "Why, what earthly good can I be at your rehearsals? They are all to be by daylight, so you'll need no escort. Of course, there won't be any letters or presents until the curtain goes up on the play. I've got you the best chance of your life thus far, and now you seem to be grumbling because I want mine, too. I've done my share of the business—all I can do until the season opens."

"Tom Closmere," said the woman, rapidly, and in a voice which had a suggestion of a hiss in it, "when you made love to me you professed the highest admiration for my dramatic abilities. You praised my voice, my manner, my spirit, and in many other ways you made me believe that you fully appreciated me as a woman and an actress. Now you—"

"So I did—and so I do. I still insist that in some ways you haven't your equal on the stage. As a woman, you're as honest and square as any woman that ever lived. What on earth are you driving at?—I believe I interrupted you. You were saying: 'Now you—' Well, I—what?"

"You deliberately hire me out, regardless of my character and my feelings—hire me out, as a planter would hire out a slave, solely with an eye to what indulgences and luxuries can be bought for you with my earnings. You've never done a thing for your own support since you married me; you've been above the small places you might have had in some of the companies I've been with, but for me to feel above a vulgar rôle and vile associations seems beyond your comprehension. You're not a man—you're a slave-broker, and I—Heaven pity me!—I'm nothing but a slave."

"Oh, see here, this is too infernal rough—it's insulting. If you'll listen to reason a moment I'll explain clearly to you the business status of the ——. What? Crying again? So help me, I don't believe there's a bit of either reason or gratitude in you."

The woman went on crying. She cried so long that Prodley finally heard Closmere snoring. As for himself, he dashed out of the house, hurried to the park and strode madly about until evening, thinking of the many ways in which he would like to torture Closmere to death could he get him out into the country and on the Prodleys' woodland, which was a mile from any road or house.

BALLOON PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

BUT few photographers have gone to the length of taking pictures from balloons, for the reason that the experiment is hazardous, unsatisfactory and extremely expensive. As far as I have been able to learn, but two successful attempts in this country have been made in this direction. Some time ago Mr. Husher of Detroit took a balloon voyage in the interest of photography in the State of California.

The experimenter verified a truth, seldom stated, as to the conducting qualities of the atmosphere. At great altitudes, passing over the quiet valleys of California, he was able to hear, with almost the same distinctness as though he were on the earth, the sounds of men talking, wagons rumbling over roads and the barking of dogs. As the balloon was swirling about in the upper air eddies there came to him from far below the crowing of the cock! To sail through the clouds, drifting over a city is to hear the hum of life, the jangle of street car bells, the babble of many tongues, the screech of whistles and the sharp, metallic contact of hoofs—in a word, the whole commingled hum of the human hive.

In the great air ocean intense tranquillity prevails. The balloon shows no motion. Slowly the car wheels about, in unending, monotonous fashion, like a heavy pendulum. But whether you are going up or down, sidewise or straight ahead, only experiment may determine. For this purpose, the balloon photographer carries a supply of paper, cut the size of snowflakes. A handfl is thrown over the side of the car. If the papers seem to rise, the balloon is descending; if they seem to fall, the airship is rising. Occasionally, the balloon passes like a shot through air currents moving in opposite directions. Then the rigging gives a sharp snap, or there will be a flutter of canvas at the mouth of the gas bag.

The sensation, as one looks down, is unparalleled by anything in world-life. Mountaineers say that they never can look directly over the edge of a deep, yawning cavern without at least preparing their nerves for the shock, by momentarily holding back and keying the system up to the necessary effort. It is not true in balloon photography; for, at the greatest altitudes, the operator will sit daintily on the edge of the basket and smoke his cigarette. The fast-receding world even has, for the photographer, a grim species of fascination. Meantime, his companion, suffering from nose-bleed, may be reclining on the sand-bags groaning dismally.

It is extremely difficult to take pictures from a balloon. In the first place, the operator can only judge approximately as to the force and direction of the upper currents, so that he does not know to a certainty, when he cuts loose from the ground, whether or not he will surely be guided in the desired direction. The chances are that he may have to make several ascents, experiencing many dangers, the least of which is not being blown out to sea, before he obtains the required exposures. Before an ascent, toy balloons, those red-colored playthings of the children, are released in the hope that a study of their course and direction may aid the photographer in estimating the velocity and direction of the upper currents; but the experiment is as likely as not to fail utterly.

In the European countries, balloon work is carried on with great vigor by the war departments of the various nations. But in the United States, such practices as yet are uncalled for.

After a night with the boys

Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW MAKES A NEW APPEARANCE.

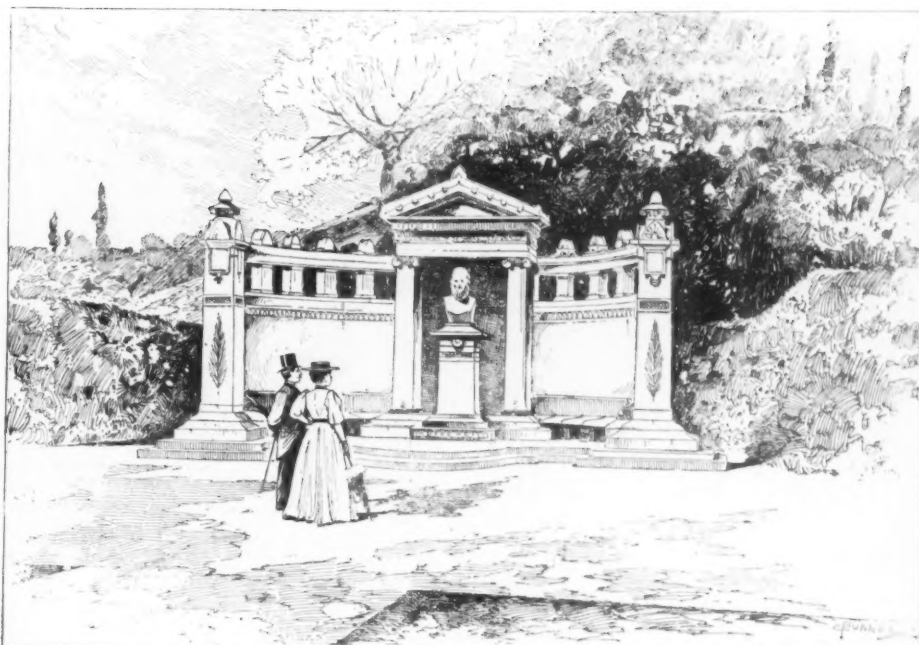
PARIS, August 21, 1893.

PEOPLE in Paris who, if you let them, will talk about anything, even of the things of which they know the least, or the most, rather than not talk at all have been variously interested in the result of the examinations at the Lycées or High Schools. The crack ones, the Condorcet and the Louis-le-Grand, for instance, which in years gone by used to see a good eighty per centum of the scholars pass, made a very poor showing the other day. It was not that the students were more stupid than usual or the examinations harder, it is merely that young France prefers out-of-door exercise to indoor work. In this respect the change which has come over the country is not only curious but of interest. Within the memory of the writer pessimism hung over studious Paris with the consistency of a London fog. The universities were haunted by Schopenhauer; Germany had conquered twice—first with the sword, second with the pen; the atmosphere was charged with metaphysics, the air dripped with abstractions. And in the cafés in the Latin Quarter when two young men were heard discussing some subject of which one knew nothing and the other cared less, it was taken as a matter of course that they were "talking philosophy." At that hour Von Hartmann had not only been translated, he was read. Fichte, dead, had more devotees in Paris than living; he even counted adherents in Berlin. A magazine of philosophy—a monthly review—was not only published, but found subscribers. This distillation of black had its effect on an entire generation. It created dyspeptics and poets. It was more than a fad, it was a disease, one that penetrated lecture-halls and boudoirs as well. Of the bards that drew their inspiration from it, Sully-Prudhomme ranks easily first; of novelists, Bourget. To-day Sully-Prudhomme, who at the time was an idol, is practically unknown. If it be different with Bourget it is because that gentleman is a better swimmer. For dyspepsia had gone, pessimism, too; one might almost add poetry as well.

Young France does not care a snap whether the world is or is not a product of the representative faculty; what it does care for is fresh air and exercise, and no change was ever more salutary. Ten or fifteen years ago you might have—had you thought of it—concluded that in France the purpose of life was but to respire and expire. But now that purpose has altered so fundamentally that a simple promenade on the boulevards will suffice to dissipate that former view. Frenchmen continue to respire and expire no doubt, but many of them aspire and all of them perspire. In place of pessimism there is bicyclopedia. Where dyspepsia was tennis has come. The apparent object of the better classes, of old and young, of children and of women, too, is to pursue health and overtake it. As a consequence, the Bois, which was always a fairyland in duodecimo, has become what the field of Mars was to the Romans, a resort not for recreation alone but for exercise, and along its sunsmitten roads, on through the green acacia lanes there are processions of flying forms. Fat men, evaporating flesh at the rate of an ounce a minute, trundle till they can trundle no more, and girls dressed like pages in an opera float by like will-o'-the-wisps with just a glimpse of small white teeth to show you they are real. On the commons you might fancy yourself in England, so neat do the tennis courts appear, and above in a sky of silk, wadded with clouds of white cotton, there are dragons as colorful and wondrous as those we used to encounter in nursery rhymes; dragons green, dragons yellow, dragons pink, all of them scintillant, all of them surprising, and all of them the belongings of little boys, who, too young for tennis or bicycle, fly kites while waiting for age to come. This is as it should be. In another generation things will be even better yet. The old sallow look has gone; there are now fresh cheeks, bright eyes, and an appetite healthful enough to be described as *faim de siècles*.

From the open air to the courtroom the distance is never great, particularly to those whom exercise has brightened and who desire to laugh. For in Paris even lawsuits are amusing. At one which was instituted the other day the boulevards are laughing yet. The facts in the case are these: A gentleman met, admired, loved, proposed to and married a charming young woman. After the ceremony they elected to reside in Paris, and there continued to reside for several years in great peace and comfort. But one fine day the mother-in-law appeared—for a visit. In polite life a visit, as you know, may last a week, but never outlast a fortnight. There must be, however, some recognized exception in the case of a mother-in-law, for this particular lady lingered and lingered and lingered until the son-in-law manifested signs of great impatience—signs to which, of course, nobody paid the slightest attention. He took the wife aside and talked to her. The visit still prolonged. Again he took his wife aside. The result was the same. Then he bearded the mother-in-law in her bedroom and might have saved himself the trouble, for the result in no way differed. Finally he went to law, alleging that the lady had broken into his domicile, that she was trespassing on his inclosed grounds, and pleading that she should be enjoined from further tort, with costs. All of which the court granted and the mother-in-law disappeared from view.

So far, so good. But in disappearing she managed to



THE MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

sow such seeds of dissension that, in place of the peace and comfort of former days, the husband found himself on very bad terms with his wife. He coaxed, but in vain; he pleaded, equally in vain. He scolded, ranted, raved, and finally became so thoroughly mad that his wife looked up Pasteur's address and gave it to him. Whether it was that, loneliness or the fiend that was in him, no one will ever know; but one day he inserted, under the head of "Personal," a few lines in a paper to the effect that a gentleman of means, position, *et cetera, et cetera*, would like to meet a kindred spirit. Answers came, thick and fast. There were little perfumed notes from the south, there were missives from Belgium and communications from beyond the Rhine. All contained photographs—all, indeed, save one, and the delicacy of that abstention so charmed him that it was to the sender of that letter that he wrote, requesting, as he did so, the honor of an interview, and stating that, at a certain hour of a certain day, he would be at a certain place. To avoid mistake, he added that he would carry a book in his left hand, and prayed that the lady would have a rose in hers. The day came, and at the hour, book in hand, he arrived at the designated place, and there, too, presently, rose in hand, a lady appeared. At sight of her he gave one cry, a cry that was hardly human, a cry unearthly in its terror, and fled. It was his mother-in-law he had invited there.

In the action which the wife of that unhappy man recently brought for separation such were the facts advanced. It is no wonder the boulevards laughed; the wonder will be if, within the next few months, the entire episode is not put to music and performed on the stage.

Edgar Saltus

THE MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SHORTLY after the death of William Cullen Bryant, who had passed his ninety-third birthday, a movement was set on foot in the Century Club—of which he was one of the chief founders and for many years its president—to erect a suitable monument to his memory in the city of New York, whose municipal fame he had greatly advanced, as poet, essayist, journalist, capitalist and by a sturdy championship of fixed ideas of political economy during an active life of three-quarters of a century.

Over fourteen thousand dollars was raised among the Centurions and a committee was appointed to carry out the wishes of the subscribers, who were practically unanimous in the demand that the memorial should not be of the stately and threadbare order that has heretofore prevailed on Manhattan Island. This occasion, too, proved a good opportunity for the construction of a composition of portraiture and architecture that should be in keeping with Bryant's career—expressing simplicity, vigor, beauty and purity—so characteristic of that masterpiece which thrust him into an almost premature fame in the enduring classic "Thanatopsis," which will be the only lettering on the pedestal supporting the colossal bust of the poet—eight times the size of life—now housed in the Metropolitan Museum and modeled by Mr. Launt Thompson. This sculptor, it will be recalled, has been known as the first portrait-bust sculptor of his time, and he has preserved in enduring bronze and faithful likeness many prominent New Yorkers, the bust of the elder James Gordon Bennett now standing in the *Herald* office being a characteristically fine example of his art.

The structure is all ready to be erected and only awaits the action of the Park Board, which, through its landscape gardener, superintendent and architect, is the official body by law authorized to locate statues and memorials, after the person thus commemorated shall have been dead five years.

Mr. Flagg's design provides for a crescent-shaped hemicycle of a depth of fifteen feet and a width of thirty, to be built of the most durable white marble, the whole structure taking less than ten square feet of ground, a space that can be spared in any part of the park. The semi-ellipse terminates in two ornamental *andæa*, while

the bronze bust of Bryant rests on a pedestal sheltered by the architrave and pediment, which are sustained by two Ionic columns. The pedestal is eight feet high and the apex of the pediment will be twenty feet above the ground.

Criticism of such a composition is to be expected from those who adhere to time-worn and weather-beaten forms, so tame, flat and monotonous, and to such is commended the pedestal of the Farragut statue in Madison Square and some of its counterparts in Berlin and Vienna.

There is a disposition manifested to place the monument in Bryant Park, but the friends of the distinguished dead prefer Central Park.

A GREAT RACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

In a late issue of *ONCE A WEEK*, over the name of Chandos Fulton, I noticed the following paragraph:

"A RACE WITHOUT BEGGARS.

"Why do you never see a Hebrew beggar? You encounter mendicants of all climes and nationalities in a large city, but never a Hebrew among them. Why? Because of one of the old rabbinical laws enunciated by Moses; indeed, it was the golden rule of doing unto others as you would be done by—that is, to help and succor the weak, the oppressed and unfortunate. And the Hebrews, in the observance of this article of faith, do not merely help the unfortunate who apply to them by giving them their daily bread, but also give them enough to enable them to earn their own living. It is not considered a disgrace among the Hebrews to be poor and needy so long as you are willing and ready to work; it is considered a disgrace to beg, and consequently there are few Hebrew mendicants. It is considered an indication of ability to 'negotiate' help when unsuccessful, and the Hebrew who rises from failure through the self-sought assistance of his race is honored and trusted by his friends."

And I might add a broad assertion: The Jews are the greatest race! Why? Because they are thrifty; because they are clean; because there is less crime committed by them, and because they are generous and industrious.

To my knowledge—and I think I am very well posted—there have been but three Jews hung in the United States in a number of years—one at San Francisco, Cal., about four years ago, for murder, and, very lately, two in a small Pennsylvania town, for the same crime. The last-mentioned two were lynched by an infuriated mob, and the first gave up all allegiance to the Hebrew race while on the gallows.

Is this not proof that Jews are not murderers?

Next: Are Jews thieves?

I am not very well posted as to the number of Jews serving terms in the different State penitentiaries, but I assert—considering the number of Jews in America compared with the number of other people—not one-hundredth part of the inmates of these penitentiaries belong to the Hebrew race.

If my assertion is correct—and I vouch for it—the Jews are not thieves.

Mr. Fulton asks this question: "Why do you never see a Hebrew beggar?" and answers it himself: "Because of one of the old rabbinical laws enunciated by Moses; indeed, it was the golden rule of doing unto others as you would be done by—that is, to help and succor the weak, the oppressed and unfortunate."

I differ from Mr. Fulton on this particular point. The Jews are not beggars because they "take the tide at the ebb." In other words, they never let an opportunity go by unheeded; because they are economical, and because "they gather the hay while the sun shines." I must confess—and gladly, too—that Mr. Fulton is correct when he says the Hebrews help the unfortunate.

Here is another argument in favor of this peculiar race: They are clean. When I say clean, I do not mean in general appearances, but in diet. A "good" Jew will not eat hog-meat. This is certainly a point in the Jew's favor, as it is a well-known fact that fifty per cent. of the sickness of this country is caused from this one meat.

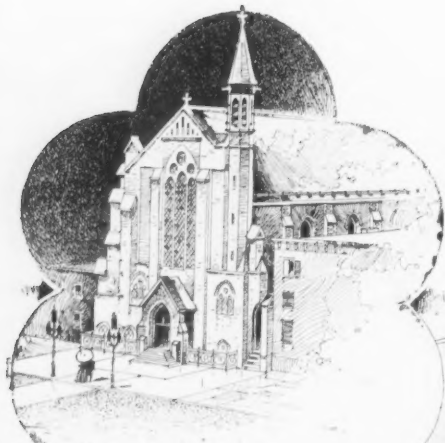
As to public affairs, I confess the Jews are not much; but, whenever a Jew holds office, it is because his personal popularity placed him there and not his money. The rich Jew thinks himself no better than the poor one. Can this be said of any other people?

As to Jews in finance, here are some interesting remarks of Rabbi Isaac M. Wise:

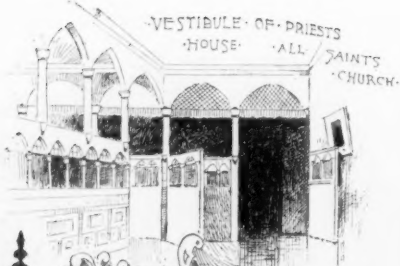
"The Jews of the United States are a very insignificant factor in large financial operations. In the control of the national banks they are unknown; they have no voice in the management of railway and steamship lines; they do not own the mines of coal or iron or regulate their output; of all the trusts whose oppressions are complained of they were conspicuous in but one, the Whisky Trust, the one which concerned the general public least and was about the first to get into financial straits. As money-lenders they play a small part in these United States. Their operations are largely confined to brokerage and petty lending on collaterals. A considerable portion of them are well to do, a few are rich, scarcely any very rich and among the plutocrats there is not one."

Reader, are not the Jews a great people?

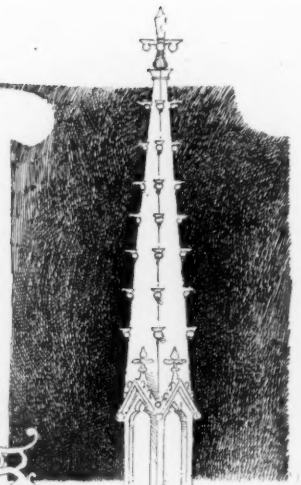
SHEP. S. FRIEDMAN.



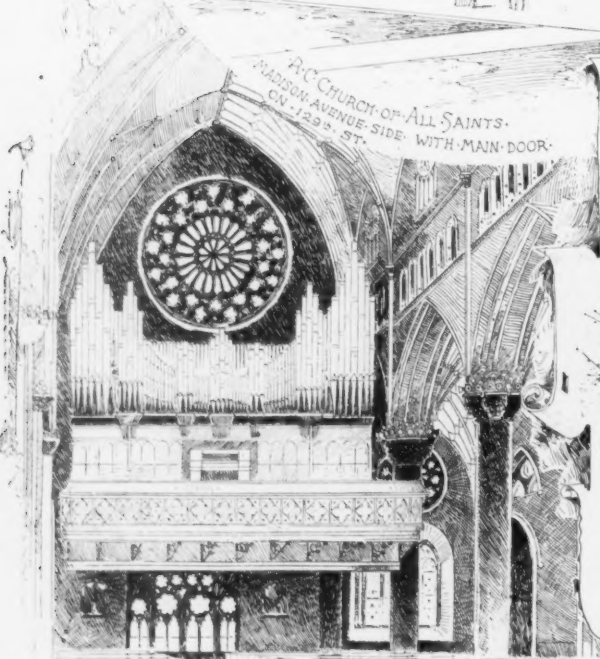
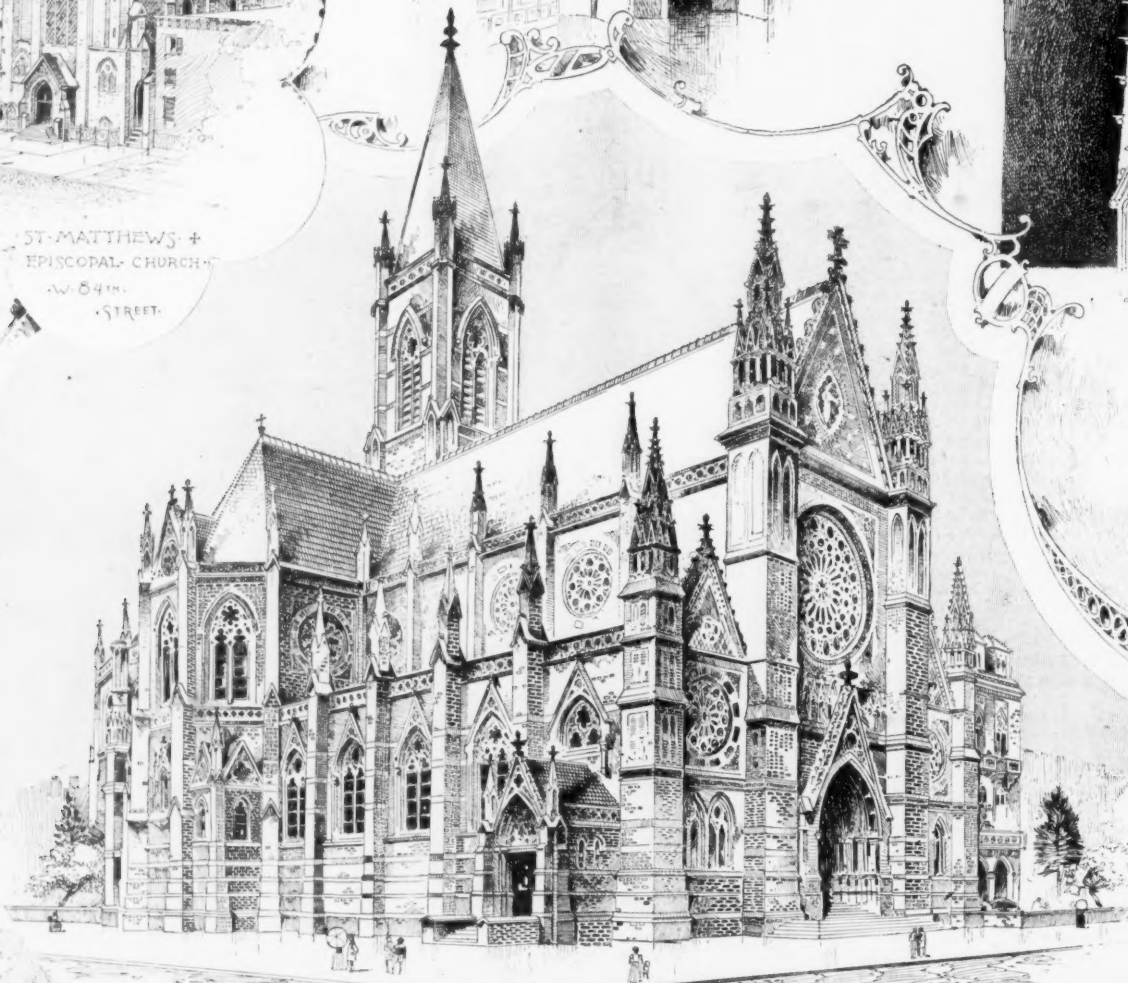
ST. MATTHEW'S +
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W. 84th.
STREET.



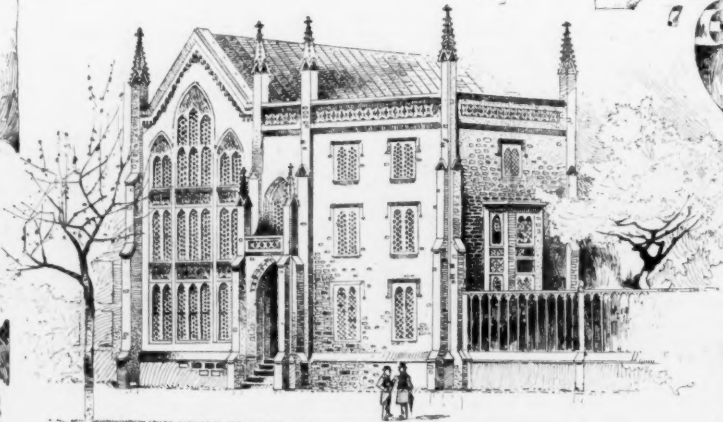
VESTIBULE OF PRIESTS
HOUSE. ALL SAINTS
CHURCH.



ALABASTER
TOWER OF
THE ALTAR
OF ALL SAINTS
CHURCH.



R.C. CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS.
NADSON AVENUE SIDE. WITH MAIN DOOR.
ON 123rd ST.



NEW CHAPEL AND PARISH HOUSE OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
5th AVENUE AND 12th STREET.



SIDE
ALTAR. ALL SAINTS CHURCH.

R.C. CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS.
LOOKING TOWARD THE
GREAT ORGAN AND JEWEL WINDOW FROM THE
SMALL ORGAN LOFT.

NEW CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN THE METROPOLIS.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by C. BUNNELL.—See page 11.)



THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by C. MENTE.)

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

THE sun shining through the glancing leaves unfolded with a pale-green mist the man and woman riding through the wood. If you could imagine Diana on a bony horse, her supple form hidden by a weather-stained habit that gave evidence of patient darning, her shapely hands thrust in buff gauntlets frayed at the tips, and her head surmounted by a shapeless felt hat shading a flushed face, you would have a fair idea of the woman. The man seemed not out of place in the pale-green gloom of the forest aisle, for just now it resembled a satyr's, as he laid one jeweled hand on the check-rein of her horse.

"Listen to me," he said, commanding. "I never made up my mind to have anything yet that I didn't get it. The first time I saw you I said to myself: 'You shall possess that woman; she shall be your wife.' You don't like me? Well, that's a pity. But make up your mind, Aline, that, sooner or later, you will belong to me."

"Your words contain a threat, Mr. Holland," she said, looking straight before her. "It is time we parted. Loosen the rein. You think you can waylay a woman like a highwayman and command her to surrender her heart at a menace. I am going home now—alone!"

He laughed, but still kept his hand on the check-rein, though she strove to snatch it away.

"Coward!"—with a fierce contraction between her eyes—and her riding-whip hissed through the air and struck him full in the face. So sudden and unexpected was the blow that he loosened his hold on her horse and reeled in the saddle. A drop of blood fell on his white cuff. Aline shuddered. A livid mark showed where the whip had fallen. She was frightened at the terrible expression on his disfigured countenance. She had not availed herself of such an opportune moment to gallop away, but stared at him half stupefied.

"First blood for you," he said, with a grim smile. "There is now an added zest to the chase. The struggle has begun in earnest. You shall be mine yet. Do you understand? Keep that in your thoughts day and night until it becomes a reality. Yes, mine; my wife! The day will come," and, with a bow of mock courtesy, he rode away through the dim green gloom of the woods.

Through the small window in the roof the tinkling of a piano could be heard—a joyous air that set the dirty little children dancing in the alley below and caused the neighbors to peer out of their windows in wonder at the unexpected sound.

In the shadowy hall of a tall tenement a man and a woman were talking earnestly together. He emphasized his remarks by waving his large, nervous hands, spattered with yellow paint. A ragged duster daubed with many colors proclaimed him to be a painter. An absurd figure, you would have said, in passing; but his face, when he raised it toward the light, was not unpleasant.

She was young, gracefully formed; even her dingy, ill-made dress could not conceal that fact. Her pallid face appeared and disappeared in the gloom like a flashlight.

When a harsh voice joined the tinkling piano she shivered.

"Do you think I can stand still and listen to that without trying to help him?" she said. "It is wearing his life away. It will soon be too late to save his reason. Science is powerless to cure him; those were the doctor's words. He is possessed of a monomania, his life is bound up in this work; if it is produced he may be saved. I have often heard that a woman may gain a hearing where a man would fail. I shall take this opera myself to every manager in the city and plead his cause."

"You will find your task an unpleasant one," said Harwood. "I was an assistant scene-painter once in a minor theater. Managers are not all gentlemen. A pretty woman is a strong temptation. You will hear things unfit for your ears. You may be insulted."

"Possibly," returned Aline. "But I shall not flinch for a few idle words, and I know I shall succeed. It is for my father's sake, and however dear the price I am willing to pay it!"

He looked at her steadily. She stood with her head thrown back; her face was flushed a delicate rose. He turned away his head, unable to look unmoved on a beauty such as hers.

"There is one theater," he said, after a moment's thought, "that I advise you in all kindness not to visit."

She knew the one he meant.

"The Alhambra," he said.

She flushed a deeper red, and he noticed it.

"Ah, you have heard of the place before. And yet there is nothing strange in that. It has become notorious since it passed into the hands of that man Holland. I pity any woman that applies to him in her need. If she is weak or despairing she is lost. Better dead than accept his favor."

"Thank you," said Aline. "I will remember all that you have said. But I am not afraid. I will see them all!" And with a slight inclination of the head she went out into the street.

"The day will come," she whispered. The words spoken in the wood came back to her as she picked her way through the ragged children sprawling over the sidewalk. "The day will come!"

She saw the managers all except one. They received her with courtesy, some with suspicious politeness, but when they learned the object of her visit they gave but one answer. There was no popular demand for an American opera—it was much cheaper to make a rehash of foreign compositions, and her father's music was out of fashion.

In her despair she was tempted to throw herself on Holland's mercy, but she dreaded to think of the price she must pay.

A great change had come over her father since he had learned of her hopeless mission. He had grown more erratic, more absorbed in his great work. One night she

heard him declaiming loudly before an open window. It was the speech he intended to deliver on the first night of his opera. With difficulty she got him back to bed again.

She had returned one evening after a fruitless quest. It was wild weather. She sat down in a corner with a sob. The room was dark. Lightning flashes from time to time revealed the old man singing harshly as he fingered the keys of the piano.

His white hair fell about his worn, lean face, while his eyes made two sparks in the gloom.

The sight of his pitiful, bent figure filled her with anguish. She could not look at him without a shudder of pity. She stole out into the night. Wrapped up in his song, he did not notice her going.

For a moment she paused hesitating in the shadow of the doorway, then, as a tinkle of the piano struck her like a sudden pain, she pulled her shawl over her face and hurried down the street through the driving rain.

Her face was flushed with fever. The rain fell with grateful coolness on her cheeks. She knew the way; she had passed by there this morning with half-averted eyes. She saw the building now, with its great red lights that looked to her distorted gaze like a string of bleeding hearts.

The street seemed too narrow as she made her way along, to close in upon her as if to keep her back. She started to run. She passed the gayly painted portals through a little group of bedizened women who had sought refuge there from the rain. There was no flinching in her step, no hesitancy as she opened the door inscribed "Manager's Office," and found herself in the presence of the man she had not seen since the day in the wood.

He was in evening dress writing at a desk. He seemed to be expecting her. He made no allusion to the past. He was courteous and calm. She told him in a few words of her father's mania, that his life and reason might be saved if his opera was produced. She was anxious to have it over and hide herself in the night.

He listened politely, then drew near to her.

"You shall have your wish," he said, "on one condition."

"What is it?" Was it her own voice? It seemed so far away, like the sob of a soul in peril.

"That on the night of this production you become mine"—very calmly.

She clutched the door-knob to keep herself from falling, with the sound of rushing waters in her ears. The wind moaning about the portals of the theater seemed to speak to her in her father's voice. "I—I consent!"—holding her hand hard against her heart that seemed struggling like a mad thing in her breast.

"Aline—Aline!" laying his hand on her arm detainingly. She threw it off like an unclean thing.

"Not yet," she said, hoarsely; "not yet. Your part of the contract first," and turned and staggered out into the night.

"I wish I had half her complaint," croaked one of the painted women by the entrance, regretfully, as the merciful night received Aline to its shadows.

It was the night of the first production. Holland had completed his part of the contract, the time had come when she must fulfill hers. Yet as she drew near the dreaded hour her courage never wavered, there should be no flinching, she would accept her fate with a brave heart. To give strength to the production she had studied the principal part herself. What cared these hired singers if an old man's mind was at stake? She would sing for him, sing him into happiness again.

Holland met her in the wings as she was about to go down to her dressing-room. He was perfectly dressed, with a flower in his buttonhole and white gloves, like a bridegroom.

She would have passed him with averted head, but he held a bunch of flowers toward her.

"Will you wear these for me to-night?" he said, in the kindest voice he had ever used toward her.

"Tuberose? How significant! They are the favorite flowers to deck the dead!" She laughed and, crushing them in her hand, went down the stairs. When the time came for her to go on the stage she peered through a hole in the curtain with a fluttering heart.

Then her eyes fell on the excited face of her father in one of the stage-boxes, nodding his head in time to the music, and her courage and strength returned.

The curtain rose on the beautiful opening chorus.

Aline, in her shimmering robes of white and silver, glided before the audience. Her voice, tremulous at first, grew steady as the song proceeded. At every sign of wavering she turned her face toward her father, and her voice rose strong and exultant in purity and sweetness.

The house rose at her. She must sing each verse again and again. It was a veritable triumph. Mr. Borrowdale—poor old man!—wept tears of joy in the shadow of his box.

Every number of the score was received with enthusiasm and vociferous applause. Holland, who was half convinced that the opera would fail, was delighted. He saw a small fortune in prospect. He had won Aline and a premium for his disinterested kindness. Yet he longed for the curtain to fall on the final act with ill-concealed impatience.

"You are not nervous?" he asked, as he met her in the wings. "This is the most trying scene of all. Do you feel strong enough for the task?"

It was the final denouement, in which the Queen of Cathay, having found her lover false, betrays him to the King and then stabs herself with a poniard.

"I shall play it to the life," she said, with a strange smile—"or, rather, to the death;" and she glided before the audience again.

The music rose in melancholy cadence. The gorgeous pageant, bearing the unfortunate lover in its midst, passed up the rocky defile to the sound of martial trumpets and clashing cymbals.

The Queen, half fainting in the shadows of the palace,

watched the melancholy procession fade in the distance with pallid face and melting eyes, her hands raised supplicatingly toward heaven! Then she began her song the song of death! Silence reigned in the vast auditorium, only a sob from a sympathetic listener breaking the stillness, as the hand grasping the glistening poniard rose and fell.

To tremulous music, that seemed an echo of her dying sighs, the curtain slowly descended on the quivering form of the Queen.

And while the tumult of applause stormed beyond the canvas wall, beating against it like the waves of a mighty sea, Aline rose unsteadily to her feet and reeled toward the wings.

Holland was waiting impatiently for her coming, yet he stared at the sight of her pallid face and clinging robes of white. She was like a corpse in its core-clothes.

"Take me, take me," she murmured, hoarsely, holding her hands toward him weakly.

He put his arms around her, then started back with a sudden cry!

"There is blood—blood on your dress! My God, Aline, you have killed yourself!"

She smiled strangely, advancing still, a faint red stream trickling down over her white bosom, over the shimmering silk with its embroidery of pearls.

"Take me," she whispered. "Be quick—I am ready—to keep my promise—" and fell at his feet while the applause rang without and the old composer bowed his thanks before the curtain.

Holland, who had stepped back shuddering at the sight of blood, felt the floor suddenly give way beneath him.

Half an hour later the stage machinist came upon his body below the stage, where he had fallen through an open trap, his face wearing even in death a look of unspeakable horror.

Aline Borrowdale recovered after a long and dangerous illness, but she had made her last appearance on the stage. Her father never knew the true reason for the accident that came near depriving him of his daughter. He is famous now, and the miserable past is forgotten. Aline can never forget—but then she is a woman!

THAT HUNDRED FRANCS.

WE had been speaking of coincidences and unusual happenings, when Nettleton remarked that a thing occurred in his experience which was not only a very strange coincidence but was the means of saving a man's life and of making several people very happy; "and," he added, laughing, "I have never been able to convince my wife that it wasn't something more than a coincidence."

"That sounds promising; spin us the yarn, will you," said Fraser.

"Very well, if you care to hear it," Nettleton said, and forthwith began his story in the following words:

"My first wife and I spent our honeymoon traveling in Europe. We went the usual round, and after several months of it found ourselves one day at Monte Carlo. We visited the Casino, and my wife became so interested in watching the play that at last she said she would like to try her luck."

"Very well," said I, laughing, "I'll just time you and see how long it will take you to lose this;" and I got a hundred-franc note changed and placed the money in front of her.

"The hundred francs lasted exactly half an hour. A few weeks after this we returned to America and a year later my poor wife died."

"Three years afterward I married my present wife. She had traveled extensively in this country, but had never been to Europe, and as she was anxious to go, of course we went."

"We happened to be in Nice one day, and Clara thought she would like to see Monte Carlo as it was so near. We went."

"As we entered the Casino my former visit with my first wife suddenly recurred to my mind, and I was surprised to see Clara walk directly up to the same table at which my first wife had played."

"Clara began playing with a few francs which she took from her purse. She won steadily, and in half an hour left off playing and found she was the winner of exactly one hundred francs."

"This is certainly a remarkable coincidence," I reflected. "How strange that my second wife should come all the way from America to win back the money which my first wife lost at that identical table just four years ago!" I told Clara about it as we walked back to the hotel. She is inclined to be superstitious, and I was not surprised when she said:

"Something ought to be done with that money, John. It seems to me that it doesn't belong to us, but to that poor dead girl;" and then she conceived the idea of sending it to some poor relation of my first wife.

"As far as I know," I said, "the only living relative is her brother Jack. You might send it to him if you like. Constance was very fond of him."

"When we returned to New York and had got settled in our new home my wife asked me for Jack's address. So, to please her, I wrote to the lawyers in Boston who had settled up the Corey estate and obtained the address. Clara inclosed a twenty-dollar bill in an envelope and mailed it to Jack."

"Some years previously, when Jack Corey left Harvard and returned to his home in Boston, his father increased his allowance, which was already more than most youths of his years enjoyed, and Jack, who had been the leader of the fast set at college, was soon in a whirl of gayety. 'Let him have his fling,' the old man said, 'he'll soon get tired of it and settle down.'"

"From what I have heard I am inclined to believe that Jack was very well pleased with this arrangement. At any rate, at the end of a couple of years, when his father intimated to Jack that it was time he was thinking about

'settling down' and going into business, the boy couldn't see it in that light exactly.

"Father," he said, "what is the use of my going into business? You have more money now than you know what to do with, and I should only lose the capital you propose to put up for me."

"But after his father's death Jack was very much surprised to find that there was little or nothing left after winding up the estate, and then he realized what an ass he'd been. He tried to get something to do, but his father's old friends looked askance at him, and his gay chums in prosperous times passed him by with a cool nod. He fled to Chicago, presented his letters of introduction and was handsomely received. When these new friends found, however, that he was in search of employment, they failed to see him on the streets, and when approached, politely told him they could not assist him: 'Please excuse me; very busy,' etc."

"Jack's funds ran low, his spirits kept pace, and it was obvious that something must be done. But Jack was easily discouraged, and I suspect, too, that an unfortunate love affair had a very depressing influence on his mind. It will hardly be believed, but he became so desperate that, one day, having come to the end of his resources, he actually determined to take his own life. He stretched himself on his bed, placed the 'cold muzzle' of a revolver to his temple and cast a last look around. As he did so he noticed a letter lying on the table within reach. The handwriting was that of a lady. To his astonishment he found the envelope to contain a twenty-dollar bill—nothing else. The postmark—New York—gave no clew to the sender."

"Well," said Jack, putting on his hat, "I'll put off my departure for the present. I think a good dinner will be in order."

"After the death of my first wife I had lost sight of Jack. I had written to him after his father died, but had not heard from him in reply, although Jack afterward told me he had received my letter and answered it, but not hearing from me again, thought I had 'gone back on him' like the rest of his fair-weather friends."

"Well, after Jack 'postponed the entertainment,' as he expressed it, he made the best of his way to a restaurant not far from his lodgings."

"As he was about to enter the place an old gentleman in front of him stumbled on the threshold and would have fallen heavily, had not Jack promptly seized him round the waist and lifted him to his feet."

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, "you have done me a great service; will you join me at dinner?"

"With pleasure," said Jack.

"My name," said the old gentleman, "is Stanford."

"And mine is Corey."

"Indeed! I once had a great friend named Corey. Was at Harvard with him. Remson Corey."

"My father," murmured Jack.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Stanford. "Glad I stumbled on you. Ha! ha! literally by Jove! But how is your father, and what are you doing in Chicago?"

"Jack related his adventures."

"When he had finished, the old gentleman said:

"Well, if you will call at my office I'll see what can be done. There is a vacancy which you can fill, I think."

"One day I met Jack on Broadway. His face wore its old-time happy smile, and he looked well and prosperous. I took him home to dinner and he told us his story. Then my wife related the story of the hundred francs."

"Mr. Stanford took a great liking to Jack, who has developed a wonderful aptitude for business, and I venture to predict will be a rich man in a few years."

"Recently, while on a visit to Boston, Jack met his old sweetheart, and their misunderstanding was happily adjusted. They are to be married very shortly. Mrs. Corey that is to be is a most attractive girl. Both she and Jack are devoted to my wife. They say they owe Jack's preservation from death and their happiness to the timely arrival of that twenty-dollar bill."

DOWLING DAVIES.

"HOW TO PROPOSE."

THE competition "How to Propose" closed on August 15, a vast array of letters having come to hand before that date. Some of them are curious specimens of love-making. The great majority display a plentiful lack of taste—as to the externals, at least—being written on the shoddiest kind of paper, with, in some cases, a glaring business advertisement across the top. A woman would be little flattered on receipt of a letter which looked as if it had been thrown off during business hours as a part of the day's work. A few of the competitors wrote long-winded dissertations on love, female virtues and the beauties of nature, with nothing to show the epistolary quality of the composition beyond the conventional opening and closing formulas "My dear ——" and "Yours truly." The emotions of some others ran to verse, with results not exactly brilliant, but in a few instances fairly readable.

One of the rhymed proposals runs as follows:

"I HAVE seen you, *ma chère*, in your holiday garb,
In your 'Klondike' and 'Blazer' so chic,
And I've watched you with pride as down Broadway you stepped
With your heels going clackety-clack.
Then I've seen you at home in your house-dress so neat,
And your dear little hands making pies;
And I've wondered if ever a woman so sweet
Was born to make bright a man's eyes.
And I've seen you in all sorts of moods, my dear child,
And I know every turn of your mind,
And, with this same knowledge, to make you my wife
I am truly, most truly, inclined.
I've a nice little home and a carriage and pair,
Some rainy day savings beside,
And a heart full of loving devotion for you—
Will you be my own—my sweet bride?"

"R. S. V. P."

A subscriber with an ingenious turn of mind, aided probably by some experience of the "angry parent," sends this carefully worded effusion with the hint that the lady who receives it must read every alternate line only, the intervening ones being intended to slightly alter the sense for the benefit of an inquisitive father.

"DETROIT, August 3, 1893."

"DEAR AGNES DISHWASHER:

"The great love I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I find my indifference toward you increases daily; the more I see of you the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself every day disposed and determined to hate you; believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy, and if we are united I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have, indeed, a heart to bestow; but I do not desire you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to any one inconsistent and capricious than yourself and less capable to do honor to my choice and family. Yes, miss! I hope you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu, adieu! Believe me so averse to you that it is impossible for me ever to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant."

"I would send this letter to a young lady who had an inquisitive father, telling her beforehand to read all the uneven lines, and if her father was agreeable, I would omit the even lines."

"Hoping you will see fit to give me the prize, as I am a young boy, and never thought of writing such before,
Yours respectfully,
DET."

Not many of the letters come up to the standard of acceptability. Such as they are, however, they are now in the hands of the fair judges who, by their united decisions, will no doubt prove their title to the epithet in its double sense.

Subscribers who sent in essays on the "Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century" are requested to have patience for yet a little longer. Being holiday-time, the gentlemen on the committee selected to judge the essays are, unfortunately, nearly all away from home, and considerable delay in procuring a verdict is consequently unavoidable. A few have been heard from, however, and we hope very soon to be able to announce the name of the lucky competitor who wins our one-hundred-dollar prize.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

DEMONSTRATIONS by the unemployed on the East Side of New York threatened at one time last week to give considerable trouble to the police. Incendiary speeches by the now notorious Emma Goldman, and by some of the more violent and irresponsible of the Anarchist agitators, seemed, however, to divide the assemblages into two hostile factions, rather than to incite to lawlessness.

The demand is made from certain quarters that the city government must provide either work or food for these East Side workmen and their families. A wealthy saloonkeeper undertook to feed two thousand of them every day for a week. There can be no doubt that much suffering exists among them, and that the outlook for the future is not bright.

The beginning of the late demonstrations in New York was on Wednesday, August 16. A cry went up from nearly one thousand men who have been thrown out of work within the past few weeks. The most remarkable and significant feature of the story was the fact that the demonstration had not been planned. It was spontaneous; it came almost like a flash, when one hungry man raised his voice and said simply: "Let us march."

In several factories near Washington Square and Clinton Place, in the upper part of Greene and Mercer Streets, hundreds of cloakmakers, clothing-cutters, furriers, etc., have been employed; but, owing to lack of business, many of them had to be discharged. As the wages they earn are barely sufficient to keep them, a few days out of work leaves them destitute.

The procession of the unemployed on August 16 went to Golden Rule Hall on Rivington Street, and there met Joseph Barondess, the leader of the Hebrew cloakmakers. He asked them what they wanted. They shouted back: "We want bread; we want work."

Barondess led them into the hall and explained to the proprietor that they were men out of work. They wanted to hold a meeting there, but they had no money.

They got the hall for nothing. There were many speeches. Some of the men declared that they had been living on "half rations" for more than a week. All of them were miserably poor. After a while the following resolutions were adopted:

We the undersigned workmen in the different trades in the city of New York, in a great meeting assembled, which is a natural consequence of the present conditions, do adopt the following:

Whereas, The fact being that the monopolists of this city, London and Paris are responsible for the present miserable conditions, be it

Resolved, That we ask every hungry man, woman and child to assemble in a great meeting and appeal to the public for bread;

Resolved, That we call on all hungry workmen to pay no rent until the present conditions are bettered;

Resolved, That we hold a meeting every day at the International Labor Exchange, at No. 257 East Tenth Street.

After the resolutions were adopted, about two hundred of the men went to the office of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, at No. 14 Clinton Place. A committee composed of a capmaker, a carpenter, two cloakmakers, a furrier, a furniture worker and a day laborer called on Mr. Gompers and asked him for advice. He told them that there would be a meeting soon at the International Labor Exchange of delegates from all the trades now suffering in this city.—(See page 13.)

NEW CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

THE Church of All Saints, as shown in our illustration, is in itself a good example of Venetian Gothic workmanship, extremely lavish in detail without any gingerbread appearance, while the brick mosaic is after the pattern of the Doge's Palace. Its interior is decorated in harmony with the primary colors of the Solar Spectrum. They will attract you without your perceiving it. The great jeweled window, of American glass, around which the pipes of the organ cluster, are in brilliant blues and purples, making it gleam and sparkle on its dark background like a sapphire brooch. From an ecclesiastical standpoint, the altar would be the center of attraction; from an artistic view, it's a Gothic poem in alabaster, for its statue of the Virgin is finished with that minuteness and delicacy that characterizes the Italian school of sculpture. All Saints parish house will commend itself also to your attention, as it nestles up against the side of the greater edifice. Should you step to Venice, the original of this house can be seen upon the Grand Canal, where it's termed a palace. The interior of the parish house is a copy of its Venetian sister.

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church is a purely Norman Gothic structure, whose chief characteristic lays in the manner with which the abutments fall away from the main building, like a series of cascades, which give the structure great stability without appearing clumsy. Enamelled brick mosaic will be used throughout the interior of the building. The structure taken as a whole will present a good example of the modern advanced school of Gothic architecture.

The new addition to the First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue will materially add to the size of the original church building without disfiguring its architectural features, or look unduly new when complete, as it will be in thorough harmony with the older structure of castellated Gothic, of which style many of the solid churches and castles of England are built, nearly always looking particularly pretty with the addition of age and ivy.—(See page 8.)

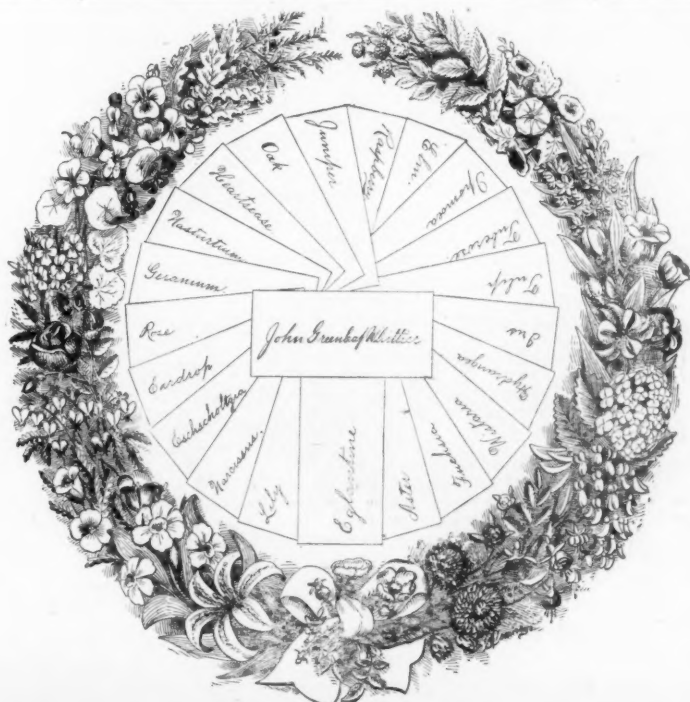
A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

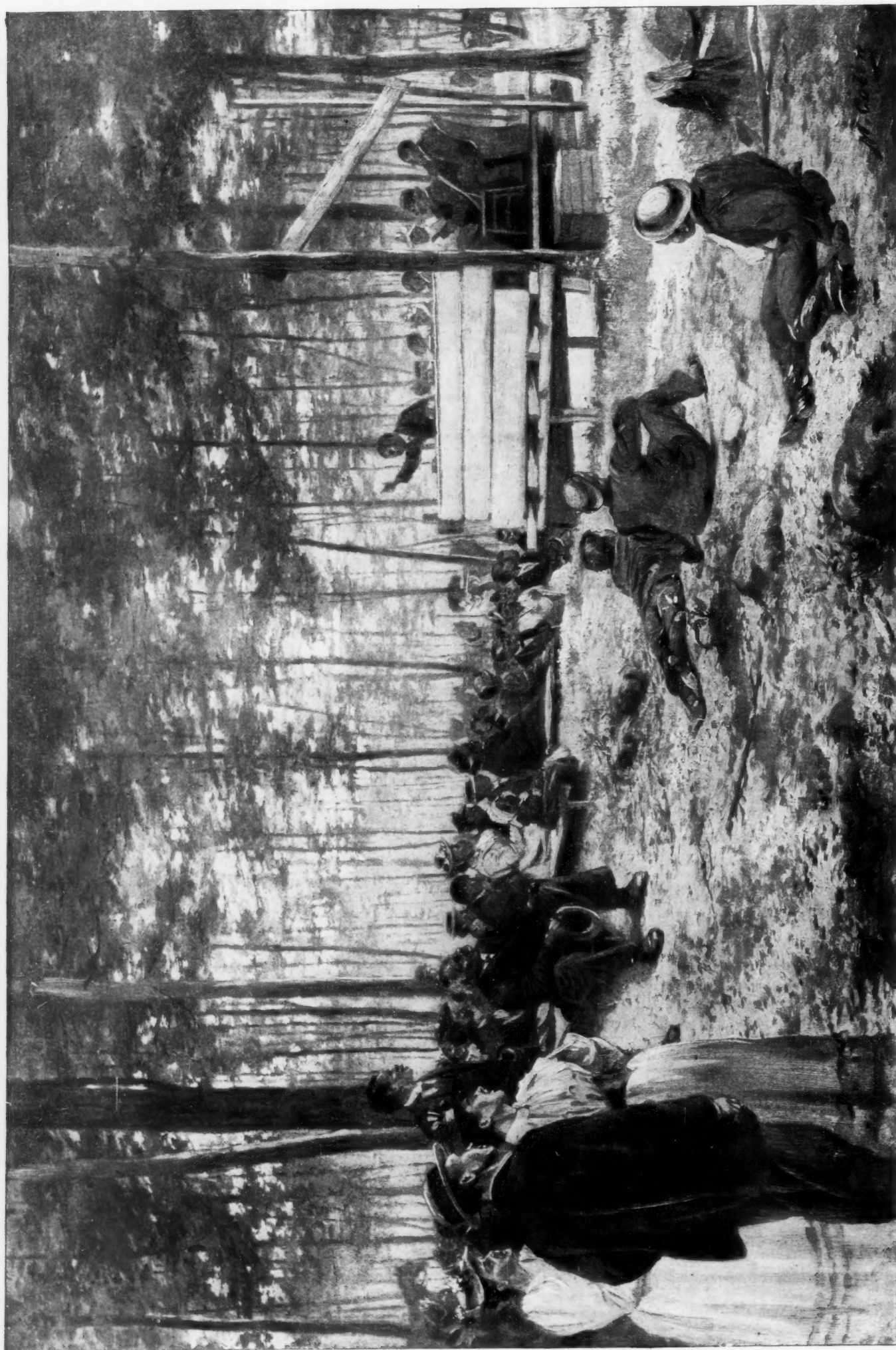
MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

OUR ACROSTIC PUZZLE.

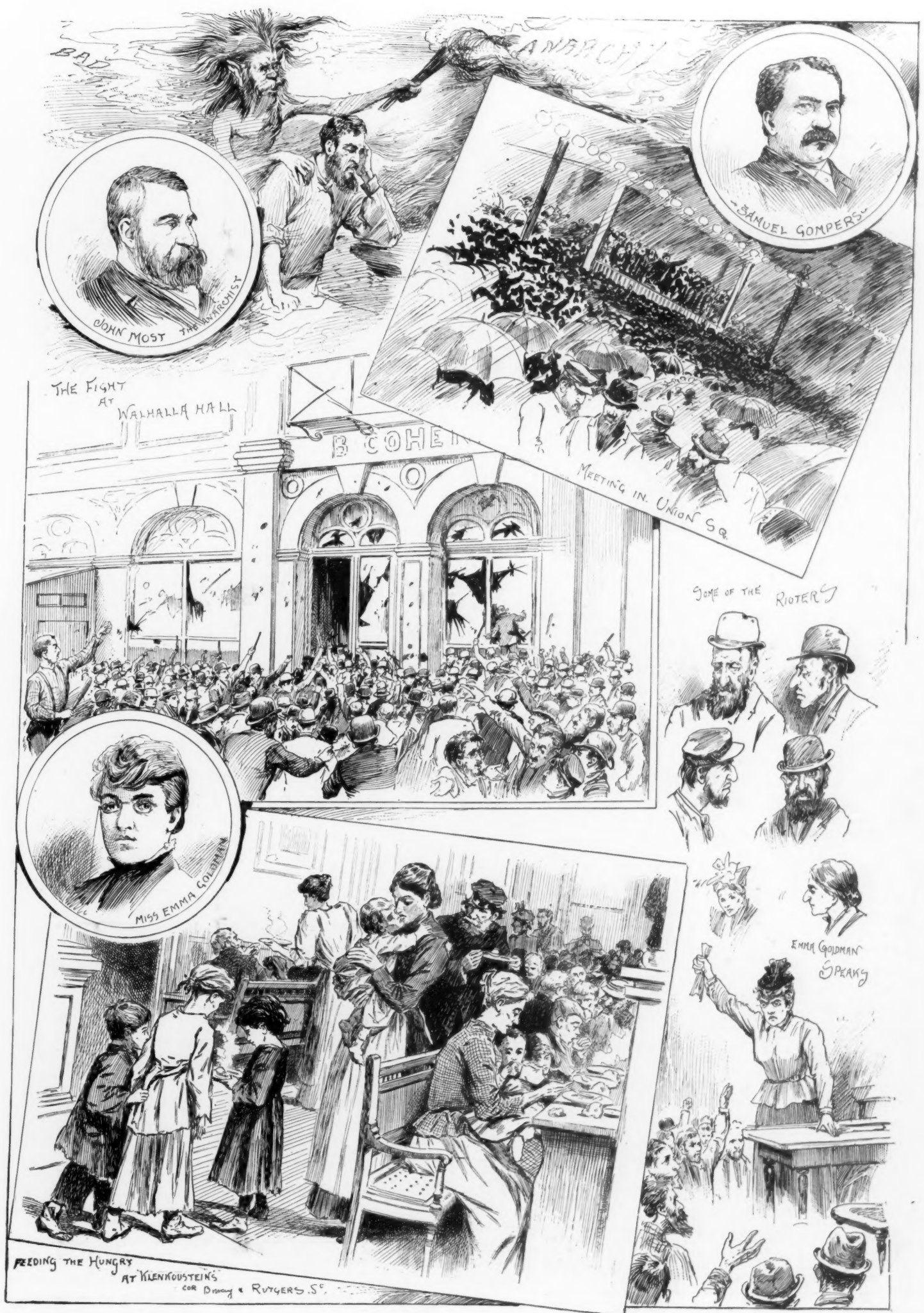
THE first correct solution of the wreath acrostic puzzle was sent in by J. K. Voshell, 87 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I., to whom we will have pleasure in sending, as promised, the complete works of Victor Hugo. In their haste to compete for this prize many of our subscribers overlooked an important point, sending the answer to the puzzle, but not the correct solution which our announcement called for. Several of these answers took the form of telegraphic dispatches, and, though mostly right as far as they went, could not be entered in the competition. Less than half the competitors attempted the full solution of the puzzle and only a very small number wholly succeeded. The accompanying illustration is the correct solution of the puzzle.





NEGRO CAMP-MEETING IN DUCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by M. COLLIN.)



SKETCHES OF THE RECENT UNEMPLOYED LABOR RIOTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

(See page 11.)

WHAT TO WEAR

BY MADAME LA MODE.

The shop windows just now are showing a great variety of fascinating arrangements for the neck in the shape of stylish ruffs and collars. These make a charming adjunct to any ordinary costume, and when judiciously worn prove nearly as effective



as a change of toilet. The first one shown in our illustration, though seemingly rather elaborate, is really quite a simple affair, and might be made at home by a smart girl. It consists of a three-cornered flounce of écarle lace, headed with a straight collar composed of two folds in black satin. A small black satin tippet is fluted on the shoulders. The cape fastens at the back and is finished with a stiff bow. No. 2 is a



collar decorated with rosettes of baby ribbon and satin bows in a contrasting color. It is fastened in front with a knot of loops and ends. No. 3 is a collarette in black net, edged with pale-pink lace set on a stiff band in waved folds and fastened with two drooping loops and streamers in shaded ribbon.



Satin is restored to favor as a dress material. Some beautiful models of satin gowns have been turned out by the leading dressmakers. A handsome black one is shown in our illustration. The skirt trimming and under bodice are of white satin embroidered in gold thread. Gold braid is also used as trimming for the edges and to form true-lover's knots. The bodice has little zouaves fitting closely at the back and bouffante sleeves.

The second pretty costume



No. 3.

is of pale-blue foulard with a pattern in black. The vest and epaulettes are of accordion-kilted pale-blue crêpe de chine, with a sash and revers of black velvet and a jet buckle.

A sensible new traveling dress is shown in fawn-colored homespun cloth. It consists of a well-shaped skirt and bodice with a large detachable cape, having a turn-down collar. The trimming consists of six rows of black braid.

We give two charming costumes for children. The first is a frock of biscuit-colored crêpon, having two rows of tiny tucks round a straight skirt hanging loose from a puffed yoke of coral-colored armure silk, corded and drawn on to a small round yoke of guipure, edged with fine tucks in crêpon. The sleeves are of crêpon with two puffs of coral silk, also bands and cuffs of finely tucked crêpon.

The second figure shows a double-breasted straight coat of fawn-faced cloth with tinted pearl buttons. The collar, revers and front are piped with shot red and fawn armure; the capes and cuffs are of the same beautiful silk. With it is worn a Tyrolean hat in coarse, reddish sage straw, trimmed with bows of striped shaded red and green ribbon.

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A TIP FOR NOVELISTS. An English lady wants a new novel, something quite new. "I hate," she says, "a novel in a dialect, or one about occult disease, or an uncomfortable form of religion, or one with a purpose to advocate the peculiar view of its writers, or one that upsets all your previous belief and does not give you anything in the place of it, or one that everybody says you must read, knowing full well that they could not get through the first volume. In short, I don't want a story that will irritate and annoy me, but one that will thoroughly amuse me from beginning to end."

A PETITION signed by the State officers and State House employees of Kansas has been sent to Governor Stone of Missouri asking him to call a Western and Southern convention to consider moves for the mutual relief of the people, for the cultivation of commercial relations and for securing freedom from the East in business affairs.

THE price of sealskins at Victoria, B. C., has been advanced five dollars each as a result of the Behring Sea decision. The sealers are very bitter and say that Victoria's day as a sealing headquarters has gone. They talk of selling their schooners and shutting up shop.

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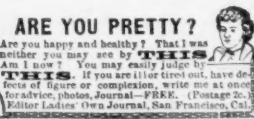
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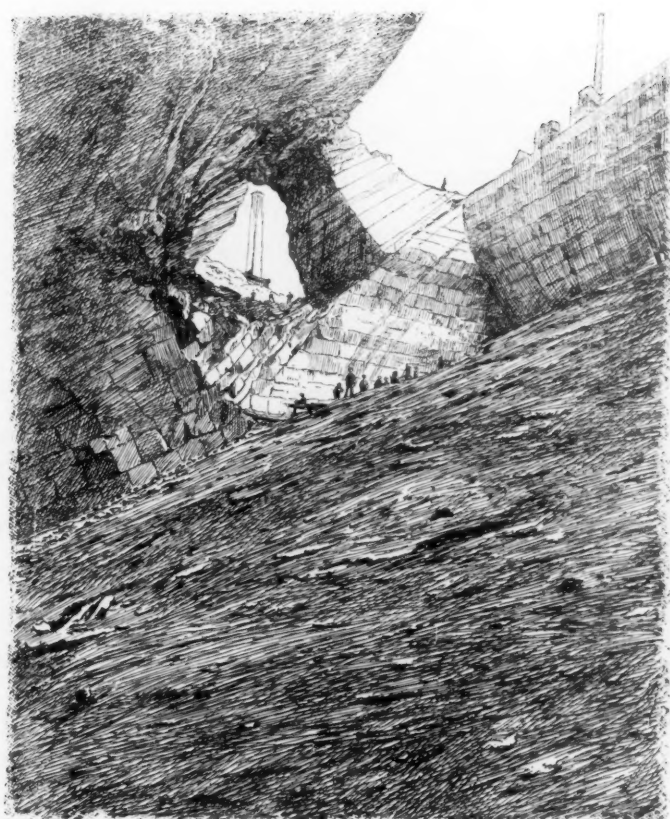
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THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF VERMONT.

THE charms of the scenery of Vermont are familiar to many, but comparatively few of those who resort to the Green Mountains for the enjoyment of their scenery are aware of the wealth of marble which enriches that State and the grandeur of some of the effects one may see at the marble quarries. The region of Vermont that is most endowed with marble lies in the Otter Creek Valley, reaching from Dorset in the south to Burlington in the north. Rutland, a brisk little city of some twelve thousand people, and one of the only three cities in Vermont, is the center of this region and of the business activity of the Vermont marble business.

The existence of marble in the Vermont strata was known as far back as the Revolution, and the blue marble, the first to be used, was used for headstones at that period. One of the earliest examples of the employment of Vermont marble for this purpose is still to be seen in the stone placed over the grave of Colonel Benjamin Wait, an ancestor of the late Chief Justice. The colonel was wounded during the expedition to Canada and died on his way home. He was buried at Clarendon Springs, three miles from Rutland. Protected by an iron palisade erected by his descendants, the grave is still to be seen in the middle of a field some distance from the road, bearing a quaint, full-length figure in bas-relief, representing an officer in Continental uniform waving his sword. This is one of the earliest existing attempts at artistic sculpture in the United States.

For nearly a century later marble was taken from the Vermont strata in a desultory way for tombstones and underpinnings to houses. One quarry was formally opened in 1783, but the possibilities of wealth that lay in those hidden veins were not appreciated for many years. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe for the largeness in the use of materials to which we are now accustomed in this country, and the means of transporting the marble from the quarries to the markets were still so primitive as to have greatly enhanced its cost.

But, be this as it may, the fact remains that no systematic attempt was made to work the Vermont marble quarries until 1844, when the company of Morgan & Sheldon was formed; Patrick Coffey was the first to strike a pick for them, and at last accounts he was still hale and hearty, after nearly fifty years at the quarries.

Now there are forty quarries worked in the Otter Creek Valley, of which the most important is that of the Vermont Marble Company.

At the famous quarries of Carrara in Italy some four hundred quarries are in operation, employing six thousand men, while the Vermont quarries, although less in number, give employment to five thousand men, notwithstanding the very superior means used for getting out the stone; this is due in part to the superior magnitude of the Vermont quarries.

At Dorset and many other spots the marble is found near the surface on the hillsides; but elsewhere, and especially near Rutland, the veins dip at an angle of forty-five degrees, and it is necessary to go down to a great depth. At Quarry No. 3, at West Rutland, one looks plumb down two hundred and sixty-five feet to the first gallery, where a still further depth is reached. As the marble is taken out it is

found necessary to prop the roof of the quarry with piers; these are sometimes artificial, but generally they are made by leaving huge pillars or buttresses of rock. A view of one of these tremendous buttresses in Quarry No. 3 is represented in our illustrations. The blocks of marble are of course hoisted to the surface by powerful derricks. But the workmen must go up and down by ladders along the walls of the caverns, which are ticklish enough when incumbered with ice in winter. The quarries are worked at all seasons, and one would suppose that at a depth of several hundred feet the marble would be free from the action of frost. But this seems not to be the case; on the contrary, the marble goes through a sort of freezing process in cold weather which makes it brittle, and it becomes necessary to thaw it before it can be removed. This is done by saturating the blocks with steam, which is carried down through long pipes and forced into the marble.

Until recently the marble was broken out with pick-axe, hand-drill and blasting powder. But all this is simplified now by the use of the Wardwell steam channelling and quarrying machines, which travel on steel rails and can cut right and left, and perpendicularly and horizontally. One of these wonderful machines can cut a channel one foot deep and one hundred and fifty feet long in ten hours, while a frame, moved by hydraulic force and containing a gang of fifteen to twenty saws, can cut five hundred slabs in a day. The saws consist of flat iron blades, the friction being furnished by streams of sand and water, or by minute steel globules instead of the sand, constantly poured over the blocks of marble that are being cut into slabs.

A very fine grade of blue marble is found at the Little Blue Quarries. The marble of Dorset is somewhat coarse, suited rather to facades and columns. The white marble of Rutland, which is excellently fitted for monumental purposes, is nearly equal in quality to that of Carrara, while that of Brandon is quite equal in every respect to the best marble of Italy or Greece. But unfortunately, the Brandon marble has so far been found to run in veins not more than three to five inches thick, and hence can only be used for reliefs.

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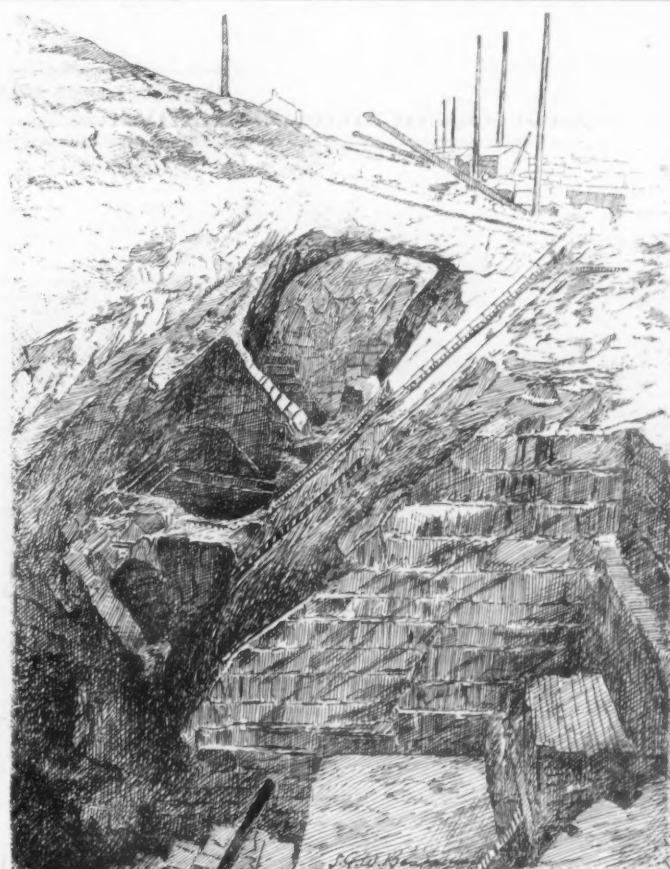
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